The War Illustrated

Vol. 1 A Permanent Picture Record of the Second Great War No. 14

The first victim of Soviet Russia's attack on Finland was Helsinki, the little Republic's beautiful capital. Soviet bombing 'planes appeared over the city at 9.15 in the morning of November 30, the first day of the war, and in the course of that day and the next their visit of devastation was repeated many times. A number of innocent civilians, including many women and children, were slaughtered, and many more were wounded. This photograph, flown from Stockholm to London, is one of the first from the scene of horror. Direct hits have been made by incendiary bombs and the city's fire brigade is working at fever heat to control the conflagration.

Photo, Associated Press

Raid and Reconnaissance in a Wintry Scene

Still on the Western Front the siege war, as it has been fittingly styled, went on. Winter made a large-scale offensive ever more improbable, and only in the air was there activity. In that element, however, Britain and France again showed their superiority.

As November drew to its close, wretched weather reduced activity on the Western front, both on the ground and in the air, to a minimum. When the word was used, it was only in such sentences as "Patrol activities during the night in the region of the Vosges" or, to quote a German bulletin, "On the Western front slight artillery activity." Snow whitened the heights of the Vosges and the Jura, and in the basin of the Rhine the rivers were swollen with the almost continuous rains. In the Siegfried Line numerous gangs of workmen were noticed reconstructing trenches and fortifications, and many of the posts in No-man's Land were rendered untenable by the rising waters.

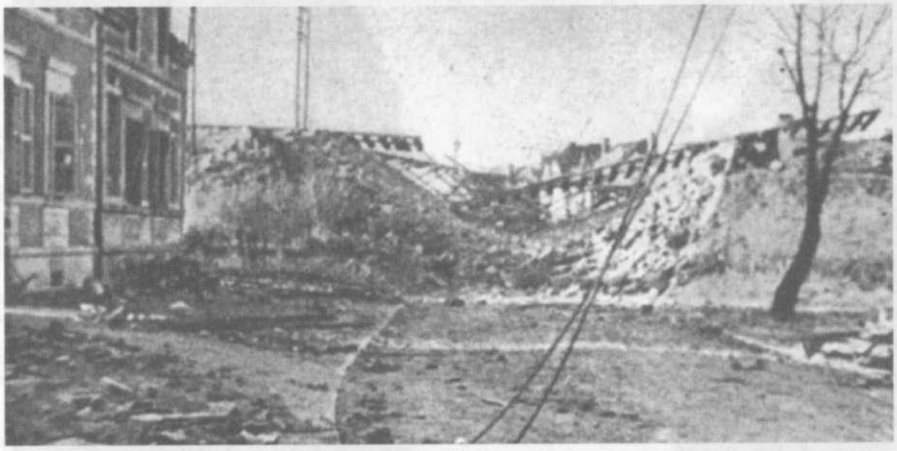
From time to time patrols were pushed out from one side and the other, and occasionally there was a brisk fight as the nocturnal prowlers made contact, intentionally or otherwise, with their opposite numbers. In this close-range fighting the French were able to prove the effectiveness of their automatic pistols.

Several raids were reported a few miles east of the Moselle, and one of these was notable in that in the course of it the Germans used a smoke screen for the first time in the fighting on the Western Front. Preluded by heavy artillery fire lasting about an hour, some 200 German infantry moved to attack a French outpost, and their advance was supported by a barrage fire and by a screen of smoke shells. The use of the latter masked to some extent the defensive fire of the adjoining posts, but smoke is a difficult substance to control and in a very short time the French had forced the Germans to return to their own lines.

Occasionally, however, the skies cleared, and then the duels in the air were resumed. In one period of three days Allied fighters were believed to have brought down 19 enemy aircraft. In one day, November 23, the Royal Air Force in France shot down seven 'planes—six on the Allied side of the line and one in the Siegfried zone. This with no casualties to the R.A.F. personnel, although one of our 'planes was forced to land.

Listeners to the Nazi broadcasts were surprised to hear that German reconnaissances had been carried out over a very large part of France; in fact, such raids as there were, were made by individual 'planes flying at a great height, and the results obtained must have been negligible.

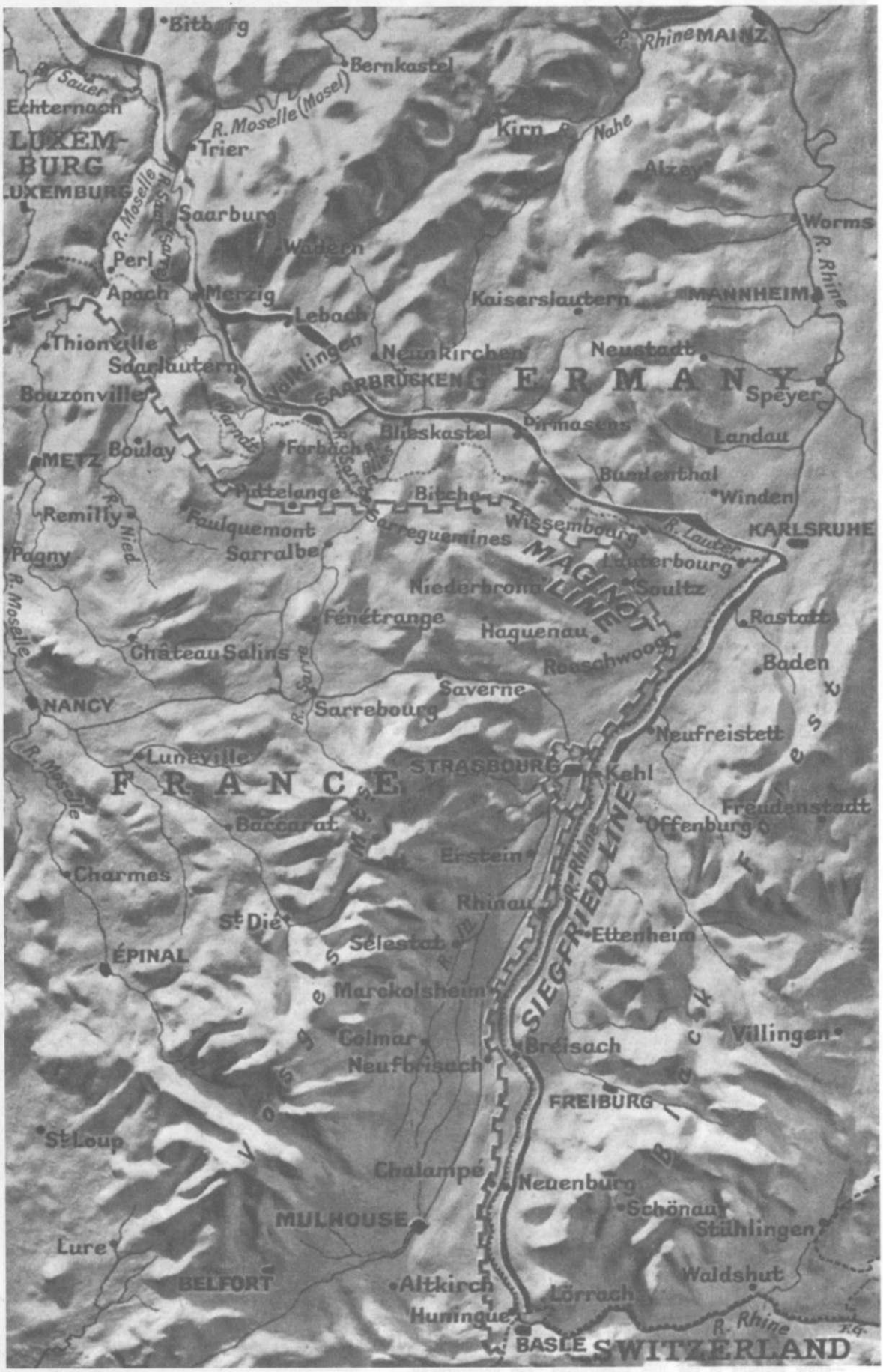
Taking a leaf out of Britain's book, the Germans dropped a number of pamphlets in these flights—little red booklets containing photographs of the Siegfried Line, cartoons, quotations from British and French statements intended to show the "treachery" of the British, and diagrams and figures purporting to show that Germany's economic position and resources are far superior to those of the Allies. Technically, the booklets were described as being quite good, but the Nazi propaganda department was unfortunate in choosing compilers whose acquaintance with French was not of the best. And poor propaganda in bad French is something which makes the Frenchman shrug his shoulders with disdain.



The artillery duels so frequently mentioned in the communiqués from the Western Front have inevitably resulted in the destruction of villages in the area separating the two armies, but there was no loss of life among the civil population, for this had been evacuated. Top, are the ruins of a village, with the railway bridge crashed in the street. In contrast to this is another scene in a French village. Triumphantly borne through the streets on an army lorry are the remains of a German bomber that has crashed and is being taken away for expert examination.

Photos, Associated Press and courtesy of British Movietone News

Where the Allies and the Nazis Stand to Arms



The whole of the frontier between France and Germany is shown in this contour map. The details are so complete and the undulations of the ground are so close to scale that it would be valuable even for military purposes. From Basle to Karlsruhe the Maginot and Siegfried Lines are separated by the Rhine, and from Karlsruhe to the frontier of Luxemburg the two lines run almost due west over broken and, in parts, wooded country.

From a relief map modelled for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by Felix Gardon*

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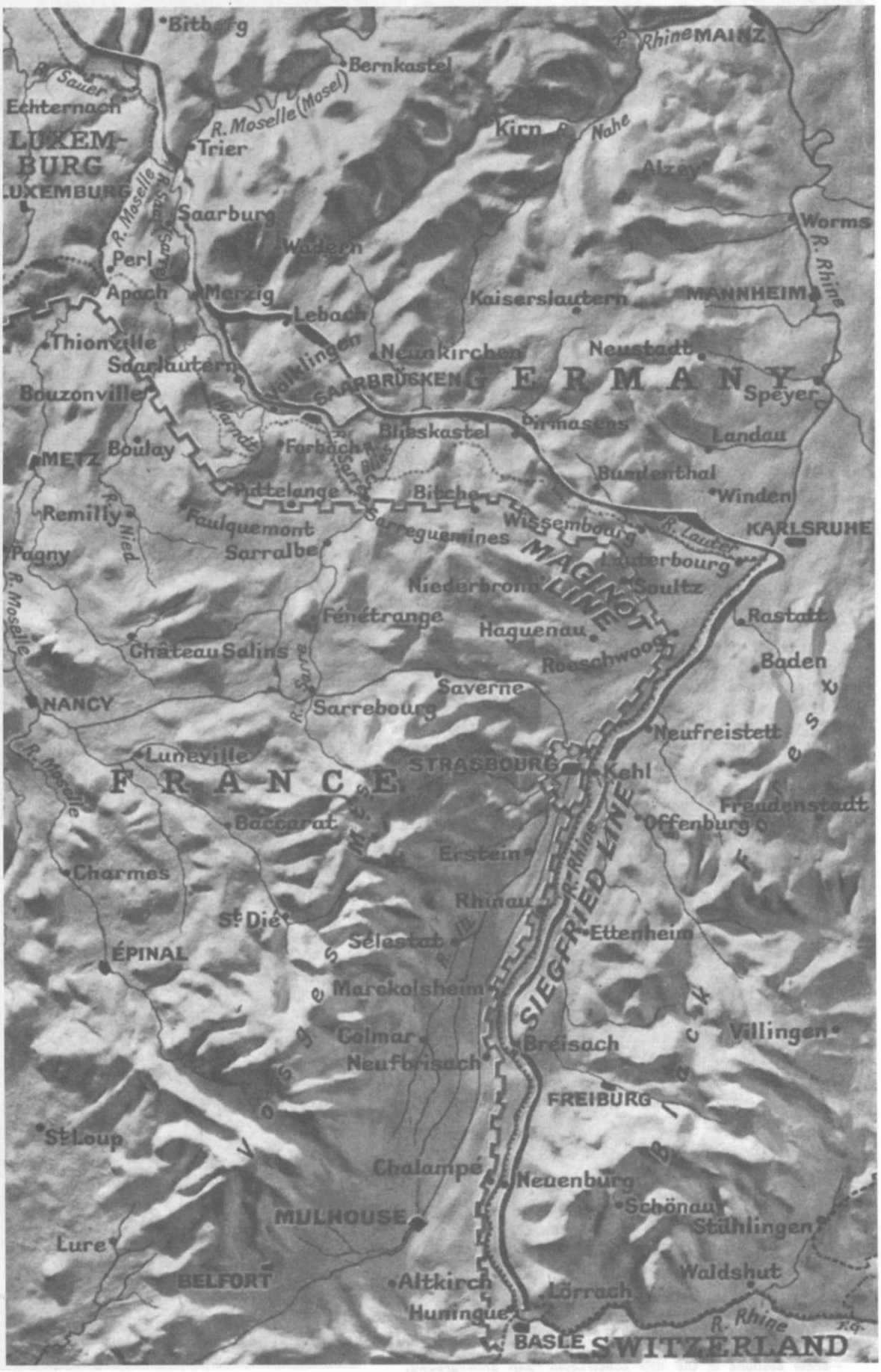

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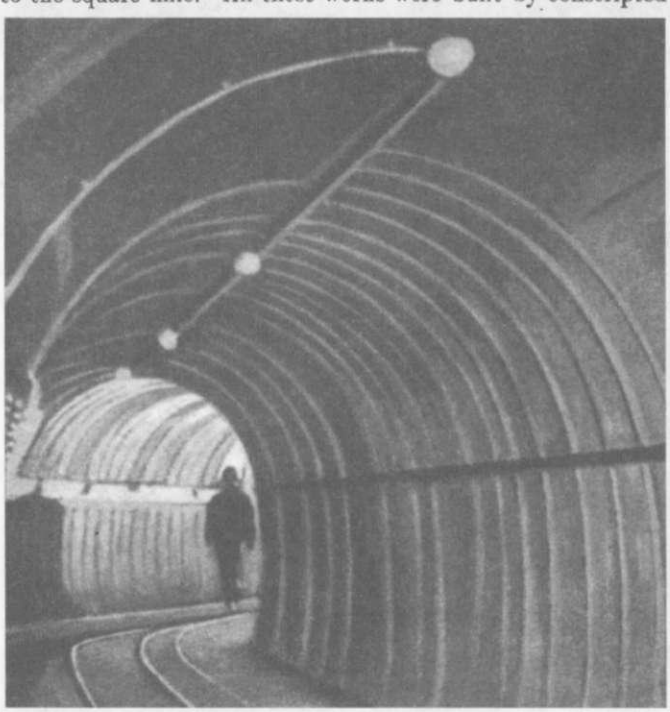
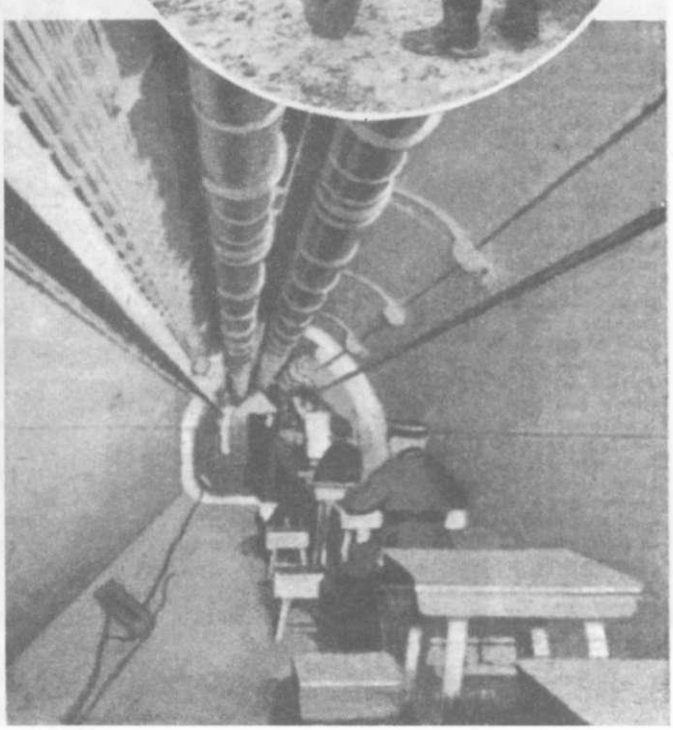
Above Ground and Below in Germany's 'Westwall'

There are guns of many types and sizes in the Siegfried Line, and above is a field gun, mounted on a reinforced concrete base, ready for action. The observer is looking out through his binoculars towards the Allied line. Right is one of the machine-guns that are dotted about between the concrete strong points.

Photos, Mondiale, E.N.A. and International Graphic Press

THE 125 miles along which the frontier between France and Germany is formed by the Rhine, a most formidable military obstacle, is defended by a series of concrete forts intended to prevent any attempt to cross the river rather than to meet an advancing army. Farther north, where there is no river dividing the two armies is the Siegfried Line proper, though "Line" is really a misnomer; a more correct description would be the Siegfried Zone, for the main position is actually in some places two miles deep. In front of it is the first protecting position of barbed wire entanglements and concrete anti-tank defences, while the main defence consists of concrete forts scattered over a wide area. In some parts of the line there are as many as 50 of these to the square mile. All these works were built by conscripted labour.





The Siegfried Line was not finished at the outbreak of war, and in the photograph, centre right, men are still at work upon it. The two bottom photographs—coming from a German engineering paper—show sections of the line constructed deep underground.

Such a Trench as the 'Old Soldiers' Dreamt Of

How very different is this trench from those which were hurriedly dug under fire in the last Great War! Scottish soldiers are revetting the trench face—essential work, for the sides must be nearly upright, and in order that falls of earth may not happen, some form of support is necessary. Revetting consists of wire-netting or expanded metal held in position by wooden stakes; more permanently, of sandbags.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Swastika Over Britain: A Tale of Failure

Just how far the Nazi boasts that their air attacks had destroyed Britain's age-old immunity as an island, may be gathered from this review of the raids and reconnaissance flights delivered up to the end of November.

THOUGH every man, woman and child in Britain expected and was prepared for air raids as soon as war broke out, almost six weeks elapsed before a single enemy machine crossed our coasts. Then there was the sudden and dramatic attack on the naval base of Rosyth and the Forth Bridge, obviously intended both as a reprisal for the R.A.F. Kiel Canal raid of September 4 and a small-scale testing of our defence strength in the Forth area.

Since that first raid on October 16, military (or rather, naval) objectives in Scotland have continued to receive marked attention from the German Air Force. However, Scapa Flow and other anchorages in the Orkneys provided an obvious target for the enemy, for even if no damage were done to ships in the harbour, at least valuable information of naval movements might be obtained.

The first raids on the Orkneys and the far north of Scotland, which took place on October 17, showed the Nazis that they would have to expect heavy losses if their aircraft attempted to penetrate our keen anti-aircraft and fighter defences. On that day four German raiders were shot down, and—whatever the Nazi propaganda announced afterwards—our only damage was to the old "Iron Duke."

During the next few days the only alarms were when German reconnaissance aircraft, flying at a great height, were detected over Scapa and the Forth. A single raider that rashly flew low over the Forth district on October 28 fell a very easy prey to our fighter pilots.

As November opened, enemy aircraft were reported from time to time off the East coast of England—Yorkshire, Norfolk, and Essex. They sheered off as soon as they were discovered, and it is doubtful if the photographs or other information they obtained were of much value. Certainly, however, such long flights are of importance in training crews in piloting and navigation, and also interrupting daily life where the raid warnings are sounded.

German Air Raids on Britain
Oct. 16—Nov. 29.

Oct. 16. Firth of Forth. Reconnaissance, followed by bombing attacks on Rosyth and bridge. 37 casualties in H.M.S. "Mohawk" and other warships. Four bombers out of 12 or 14 shot down.
Oct 17. Orkneys. Raid by four aircraft, one of which was shot down. Slight damage to H.M.S. "Iron Duke" in Scapa Flow. Three other enemy 'planes brought down off Scotland.
Oct. 18. Orkneys. One raider shot down.
Oct. 22. S.E. Scotland. One raider shot down.
Oct. 28. Firth of Forth. Single raider forced down near Dalkeith.
Nov. 13. Shetlands. Raid by four bombers, 12 bombs falling harmlessly on land.
Nov. 20. S.E. England. Reconnaissance near London by single machine, chased out to sea and shot down.
Nov. 21. Kent. Bomber brought down after battle with fighters near Deal.
Nov. 22. Shetlands. Raid by six bombers. An R.A.F flying-boat set on fire.
Nov. 29. Northumberland. Raider shot down in sea.

N.B. This table only includes raids in which damage was done either to the objective or to the raiders themselves. It is computed that, all told, there were 29 flights to Scotland and approximately 20 to England up to November 29.

The next development was the arrival on November 13 of enemy 'planes over the Shetlands—Britain's farthest north—a journey of nearly 600 miles from the nearest point on the German mainland (*see* page 383). Here the sheltered fiord-like roadsteads were scoured for shipping and aircraft, and 20 bombs were dropped by four raiders, though without result.

On November 17 more raiders appeared, and more bombs were dropped without result. In the next ten days the Shetlands were visited eight times, but the only time on which the bombers drew blood was on November 22, when an R.A.F. flying-boat was set on fire.

Air Raid Alarms in England

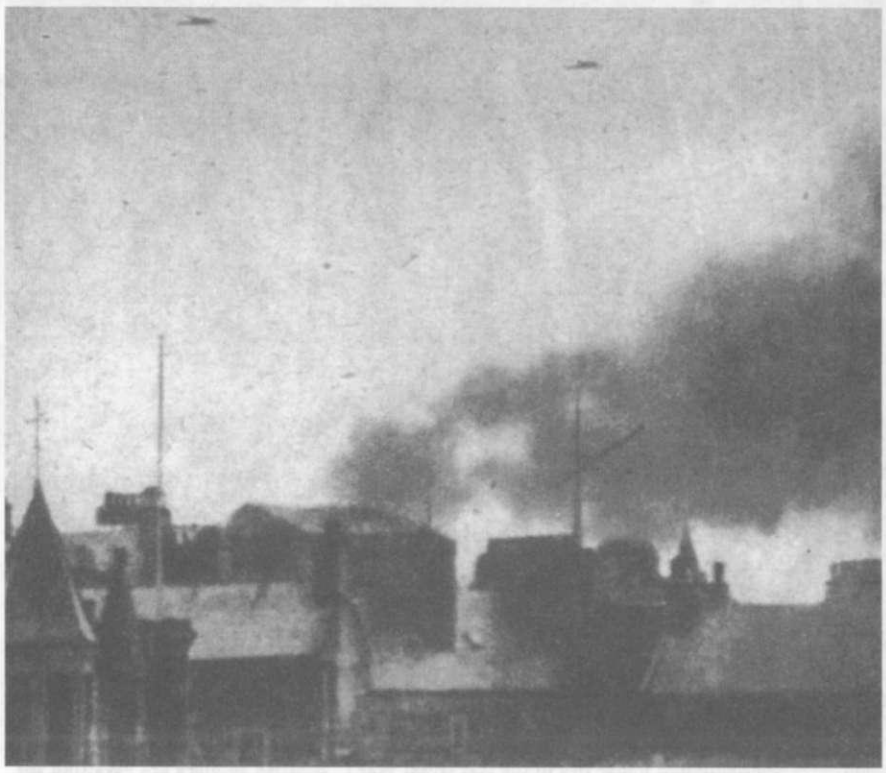
As a change from the day-to-day reports of small-scale raids and reconnaissances over Scotland and abortive dive-bombing on convoys and units of our Fleet, there was a report of a disturber of the peace one day over South Lancashire, and then over the Thames estuary and the south-east coast things began to liven up.

First of all, on November 20, a Heinkel appeared over Sussex and flew in towards London. While still on the distant outskirts, it was engaged by R.A.F. fighters, forced out to sea, and shot down. Whatever Goebbels and his propagandists might say, this was the nearest any enemy aircraft had come to London.

In the evening there was a raid warning in East Kent; this was the first time German aircraft approached our coasts in the black-out. The next morning, in broad daylight, a Dornier bomber was shot down off Deal by three R.A.F. fighters after a thrilling fight. It was later reliably reported that seaplanes had been seen dropping "bubble" mines.

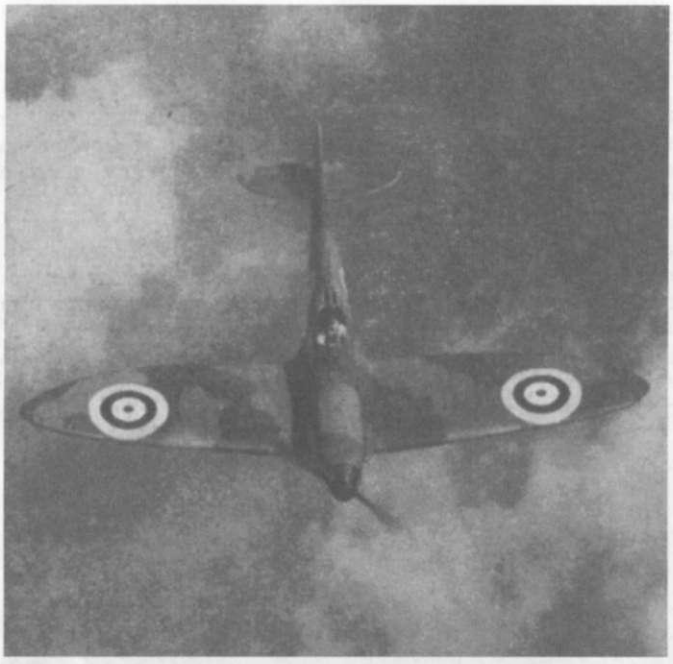
The aircraft used (both landplanes and seaplanes) in every raid to date have been of well-tried Dornier and Heinkel types (except that the new Junkers JU 88 was reported over the Forth in the first raid). These are well known and easily recognized by defence forces.

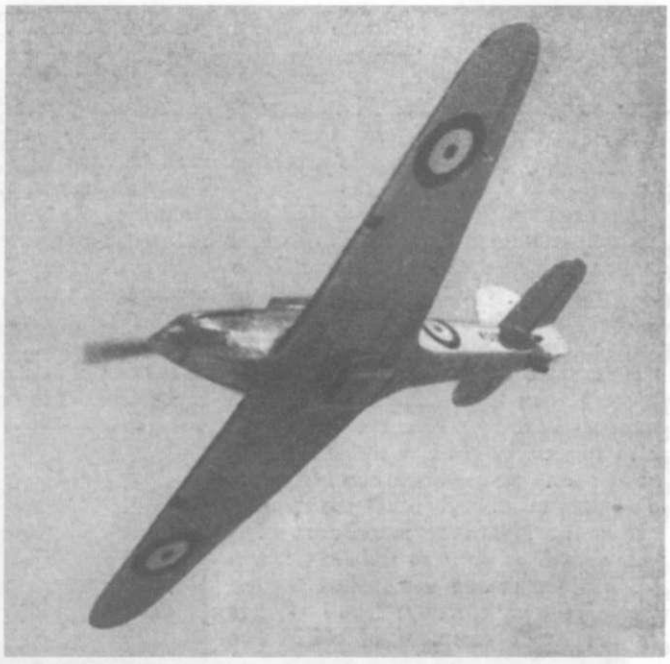
Whether or not such flights are, as a German newspaper put it, "merely a prelude," the results (with *at least* 20 Nazi planes shot down over or near our coasts in just over a month) indicate that the long-heralded Blitzkrieg, if and when it comes, will not succeed. A very significant interview with a German airman who had taken part in flights over the Shetlands and Orkneys was published on November 28 by the official German agency. He said: "The Englishmen shot damned well. . . . The enemy can shoot and he is no slight enemy. That should be known at home."



This remarkable photograph is the first to be published of a raid by Nazi aircraft over the Shetland Islands. High up in the sky can be seen two of the six 'planes that attacked shipping during the raid on November 22. Bombs set fire to an R.A.F. seaplane, the smoke from which is rising above the houses.

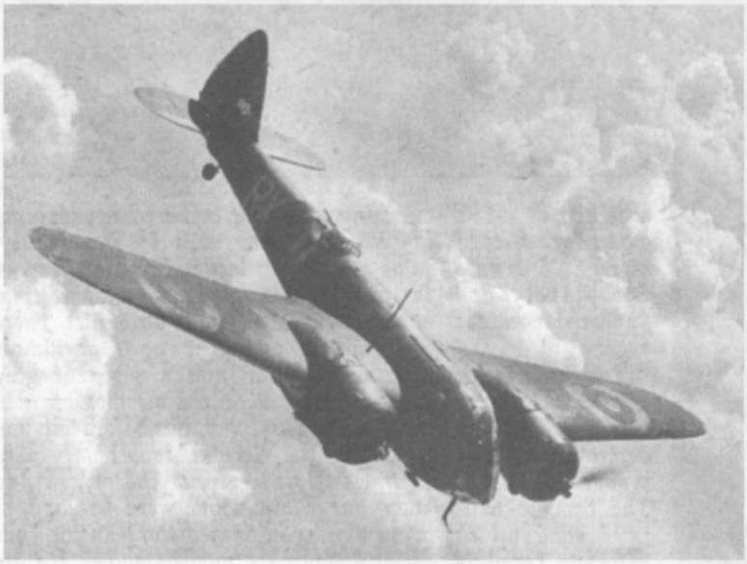
These Are the Fighters That Routed the Raiders





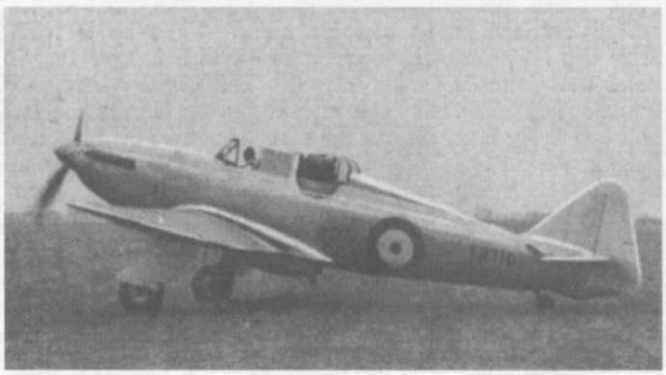
Left is the Vickers-Supermarine "Spitfire," the fastest fighter in service in any numbers in any Air Force. Designed by the man who conceived the Schneider Trophy seaplanes, R. J. Mitchell, it has an official maximum speed of 362 m.p.h. The Hawker "Hurricane" (right) was the first of the R.A.F.'s "eight-gun" fighters. It is officially capable of 335 m.p.h., but this may be taken as a conservative estimate. It is a larger, heavier machine than the "Spitfire," with a deeper fuselage. The tank-shaped object under the wing is the radiator. The wheels, unlike those of the "Spitfire," retract inwards.

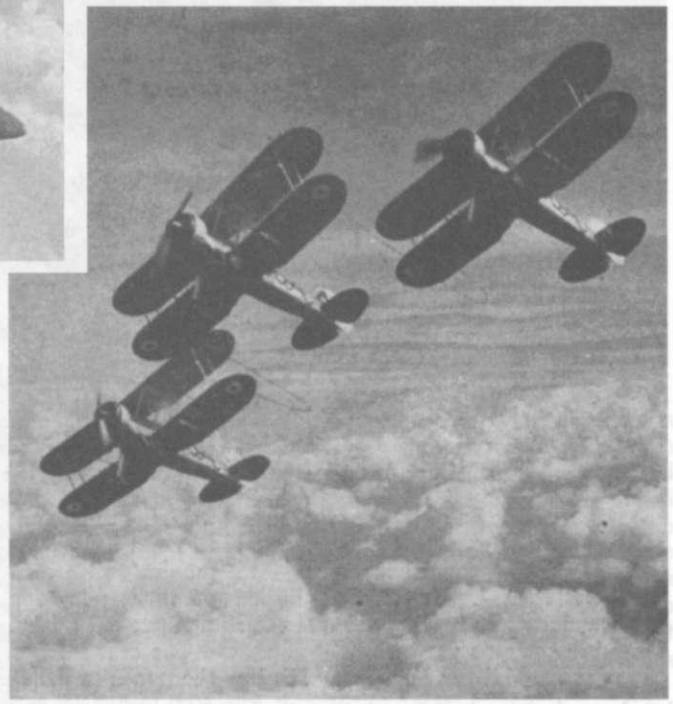
Photos in this page, Charles E. Brown, "Flight" and Photopress



The famous Bristol "Blenheim" (above), although primarily a bomber, can also be used as a twin-engined fighter. The later "long-nosed" type is seen in page 286.

In this page are close-ups of every type of fighter aircraft at present in first-line service with the R.A.F. With the help of these photographs, identification of friendly machines should be made easier. As explained in page 332, the principal duty of the fighter is to intercept raiding bombers with machine-gun fire, and already the great majority of the many enemy 'planes shot down have been worsted in air battle with our fighters. An "unsolicited testimonial" to the respect accorded these machines by the enemy was the comment by a vanquished German airman as he watched his conqueror overhead—"So it's one of *those*." A British departure in the tactics of air fighting is indicated by the inclusion here of the "Blenheim." Famous as a bombing type, it has been adapted as a long-range fighter.





Very little information has yet been released about the Boulton Paul "Defiant" (left). The first two-seater fighter to be ordered as standard equipment for the R.A.F. for some years, its speed is estimated to approach that of the "Spitfire," while its field of fire (with the rear gunner in an enclosed turret) is greater. The engine is the same as that of the "Hurricane" and "Spitfire"—the Rolls-Royce "Merlin," of over 1,000 h.p. Right is a flight of three Gloster "Gladiators" demonstrating their exceptional manœuvrability in close formation flying.

Warsaw is Now a 'City of Dreadful Night'

An eye-witness not only of the bombardment of Warsaw but of its occupation by the German troops, the writer of this vivid account of a great city's calvary is a Frenchwoman who managed to escape at the beginning of November. Reprinted from "Le Petit Parisien," here is a selection from her tale in all its grisly horror.

WARSAW is still alive . . . but who, among those who knew the city as it was, would recognize it now?

One house in two still stands, but this survivor is riddled with shell-holes and frequently gutted, losing its entrails in the roadway. The streets are full of wreckage, and strewn with shell-holes and bomb-craters.

There is no mechanical transport now. In more than five thousand places the tramlines have been torn up. There are just two services of buses which run at a snail's pace. So the whole city is reduced to walking unceasingly amid the ruins.

It is the nightmare march-past of a drab crowd, as grey as the dust which still floats over the demolished houses. Where is the joy of former days? Where are the smart costumes of old? The women go about hatless, their heads covered with a handkerchief; the men are bareheaded. No more furs and smart coats; only odds and ends saved from the disaster, only rags and tatters, clothe this multitude of the sick and starving.

With nightfall the streets empty. From seven o'clock all traffic is forbidden in the city. The spectacle changes. Torches blaze in the ruins. It is the sinister hour of the gravediggers in this city of dreadful night. One by one the little cemeteries in the streets, courtyards and squares—the September cemeteries—are opened and cleared. By torchlight begins the exhumation of 40,000 dead and their reburial in common graves.

Here is the Military Hospital. Hit by bombs and pulverized by shells, all the central part of the building has collapsed. One wing still stands, minus its façade, so that the passer-by can see the gaping rooms. Not, however, empty rooms, for even this wall-less wing is a godsend in a city destroyed, and in it the seriously wounded, the trepanned and the amputated, are looked after in the open air.

Here is the old Town Hall, its tottering walls blackened by fire. Opposite, traces of an immense brazier: the Opera House.

In the main thoroughfares in the centre of the city it is still almost impossible to find a trace of the side streets, so littered are they with débris. Some streets have completely disappeared, gone for ever.

Ten theatres out of thirteen have been completely destroyed. There is not a cinema left. The concert-halls have gone up in flames. There is no means of distraction left—but who could think of distractions in this city?

There is no news; and that is more serious, for everyone is anxious to know. The only newspaper published in the city is printed by the Germans in Polish, but nobody buys it; all wireless sets belonging to Poles have been confiscated. To communicate with each other, these hundreds of thousands of people have only one resource left: handbills.

The crumbling walls are covered with thousands of little bills and tiny posters. So-and-so, living at such-and-such an address, begs for help. Somebody offers "An overcoat for sale," or states "I would like to buy an overcoat." Another asks for news: "What has become of X——?" "Have you any news of Z——?" A vast and silent conversation, as though, in this city stricken to death, all had lost the use of speech.

Everywhere, over the ruined gardens, the streets, the suburbs, floats the dreadful smell of the charnel house.

Dr. Goebbels' department has distributed in many neutral countries films showing warm-hearted Germans distributing soup and bread to the starving of Warsaw. But this is the reality. Long queues form up in different parts of the town. After many hours of waiting, one approaches the open-air stall. There each one is offered a bowl of almost undrinkable soup and a piece of grey bread as hard as an old biscuit. A man stretches out his hand, but before handing it to him the German functionary says to him: "Now repeat the slogan you and your compatriots were so fond of using when you floated the loan for your aerial defence six months ago—'We are ready, we are united, we are strong.'"

The man recoils, this derision striking him as surely as a physical blow. Usually he remains silent. Then he is turned away and goes off with hunger gnawing at his entrails. This comedy is repeated as each man comes up in turn. Nearly always the man renounces his pittance.

At the end of each week the municipality of Warsaw has to pay the German authorities several thousand zlotys as the price of this distribution. German charity!

Since the end of October the Gestapo has come into action. Every night it operates, and at dawn official posters are stuck up on the walls, informing the population that so-and-so has been shot for carrying arms, for having insulted the Fuehrer, or spoken ill of the Reich.

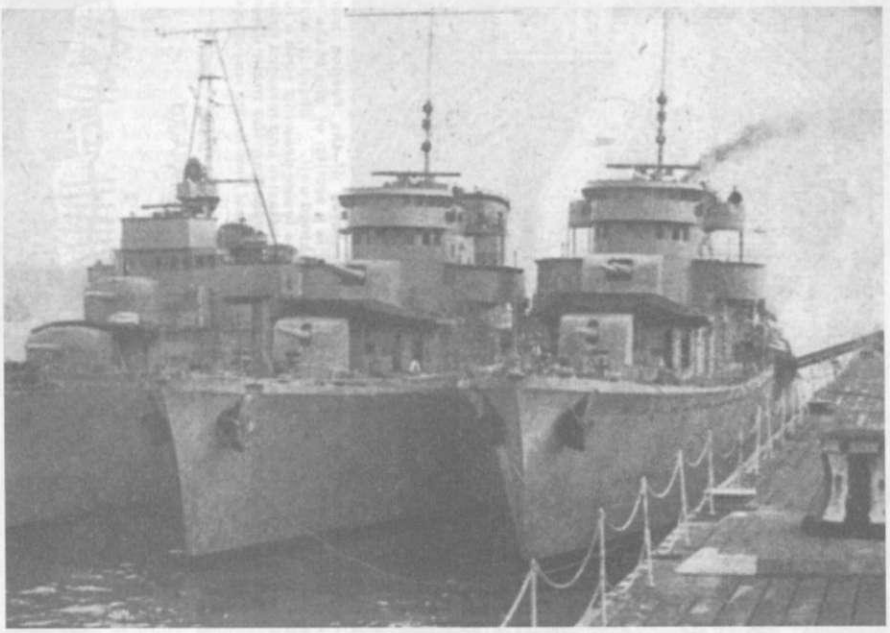
The children immediately above, forlorn and pitiful amid the ruins of Warsaw, have lost their homes and have nowhere to lay their heads. In the top photograph, men and women on foot with some of the household goods they have salved piled on bicycles, are crossing one of Warsaw's bridges in search of new homes.

Photos, Central Press

Poland Still Lives and Fights in France

Left, General Sikorski is visiting officers of the newly-formed Polish Army in France. Above, Polish infantry in training.

THERE is a new Poland now, but it is in France, near the town of Angers, about 200 miles south-west of Paris. There the Polish Government has taken a lease of a château with four acres of ground, and the French Government has granted it full extra-territorial rights with a lease of 99 years. This is the same procedure as was followed when the Belgian Government took refuge in France during the last war. At the end of it the little piece of Belgium in France was surrendered, and the same will happen in the case of Poland. At the first meeting of the Polish Cabinet at Angers the Prime Minister, General Sikorski, said: "I declare that Poland, today in distress, will emerge from this catastrophe purified and strengthened. In our deliberations we shall never forget that we are responsible for a nation of 34,000,000 inhabitants who are suffering and still struggling against the enemy." The formation of a Polish contingent to fight in France was one of the first activities of the new Government.

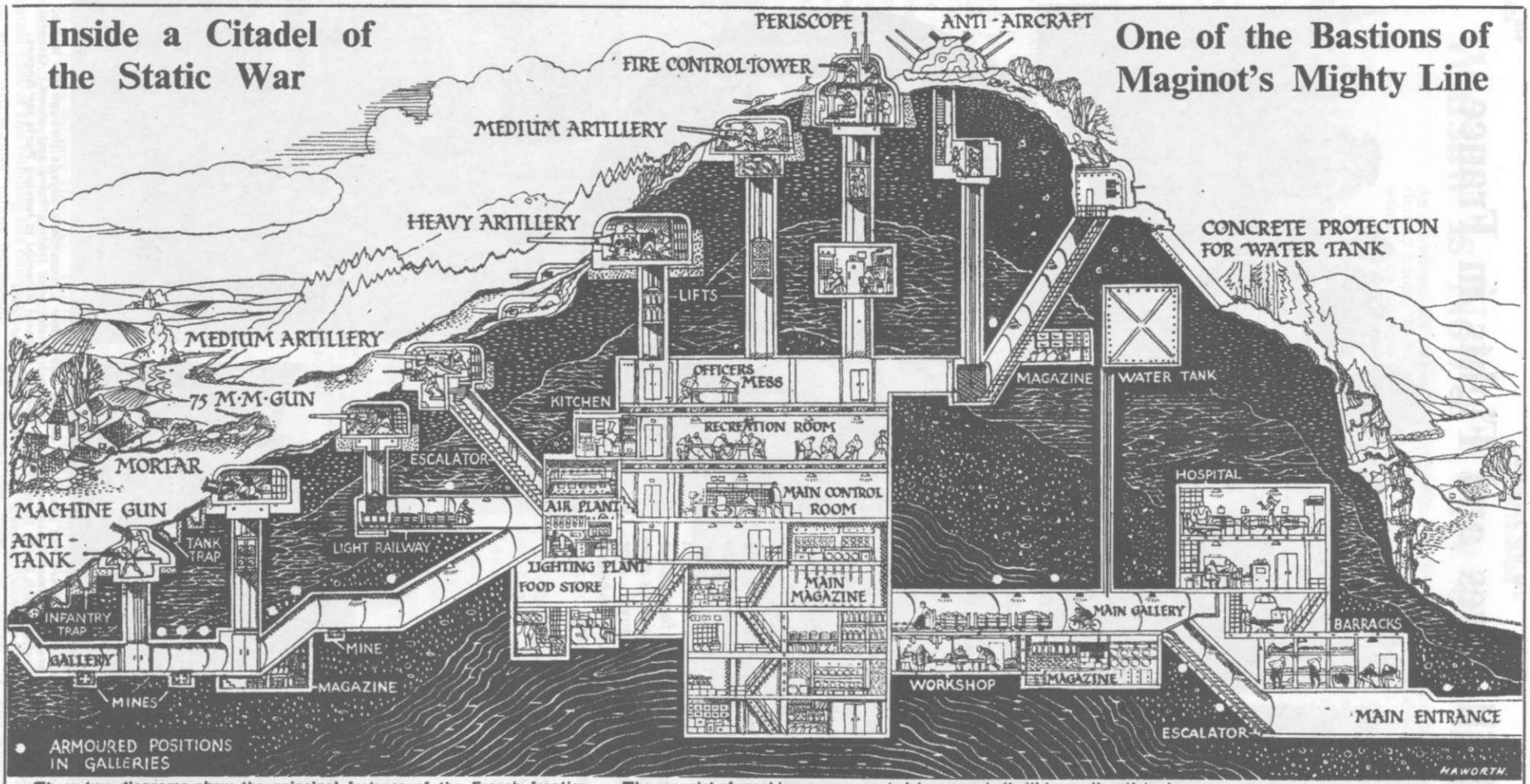


Early in October it was announced that three Polish destroyers had joined the British Navy after a hazardous voyage through the Baltic. They are here seen in a British port, and warm praise has been bestowed on the zeal and efficiency of their officers and crews. General Sikorski is seen, right, with the Duke of Kent during a visit to the Home Fleet. Centre, General Sikorski is leaving Paris for Angers.

Photos, Planet News, Topical, Courtesy of French Embassy, and Pathé Gazette

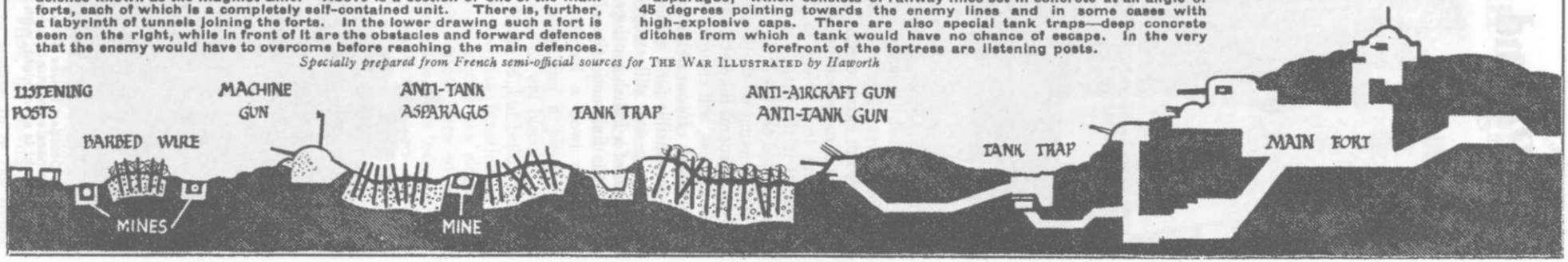
Inside a Citadel of the Static War

One of the Bastions of Maginot's Mighty Line



These two diagrams show the principal features of the French frontier defence known as the Maginot Line. Above is a section of one of the main forts, each of which is a completely self-contained unit. There is, further, a labyrinth of tunnels joining the forts. In the lower drawing such a fort is seen on the right, while in front of it are the obstacles and forward defences that the enemy would have to overcome before reaching the main defences. They consist of machine-guns mounted in concrete "pill boxes," anti-tank "asparagus," which consists of railway lines set in concrete at an angle of 45 degrees pointing towards the enemy lines and in some cases with high-explosive caps. There are also special tank traps—deep concrete ditches from which a tank would have no chance of escape. In the very forefront of the fortress are listening posts.

Specially prepared from French semi-official sources for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by Haworth*



'EVERYWHERE ACTIVITY, EVERYWHERE MUD'

Most encouraging was the report of the British Expeditionary Force given by the Secretary for War, Mr. Hore-Belisha, in the House of Commons on November 22. Below we reproduce his words in full.

MR. HORE-BELISHA began his statement with a tribute to the Polish Army which, he said, by interposing a delay of several weeks, had facilitated the concentration of the French and British Armies. He went on:

When I last spoke to the House we had 158,000 men in France. Since then some thousands each week have followed them. By the spring of next year they will have been reinforced again by no inconsiderable armament. So will it continue till the cause is won. Although there is no distinction remaining, it must be said that we could not have completed our formations in France without the assistance of the Territorial Army, whose peacetime training has adequately justified the generous sacrifice of leisure which it entailed. Territorial units reached France at a very much earlier stage and in greater numbers than in 1914.

Do not, however, let this country pretend that within a proximate time Britain can furnish an army of Continental dimensions.

The first men to be called up under obligatory service were summoned to the Colours on July 15 this year. It was a timely innovation in our military practice and we shall owe to it the smooth and steady expansion of our effort. Nearly a million men are under intensive training in Great Britain.

Our own defences by sea, land and air, and the barriers against aggression long since established by the prevision and provision of the French Republic, give safe cover to our preparations.

The Maginot Line is some measure of the debt which free nations owe to the vindicated caution of a country which, even when beset with financial troubles, did not hesitate to divert to its construction an unstinted proportion of its economic resources.

France Has an 800-Mile Line

THE major system of the Maginot Line—with its subterranean railways, its underground accommodation, and its ingeniously emplaced batteries of guns—extends along the frontier which divides France from our enemy. That frontier is 200 miles in extent.

But the low esteem in which the given word of Germany is held, illustrated, as it has repeatedly been, by the world-wide credence that so spontaneously attaches to the slightest rumour of designs upon a neutral country, has necessitated that the defences of France should extend far beyond these limits.

Indeed, whereas Germany has to defend 200 miles of frontier against the possibility of attack by the Allies, France has had to envisage the possibility of aggression by Germany along 800 miles, from the North Sea to the Alps. We now share the task with them. **There are French troops in the British part of the line, and British troops in the French part of the line. Understanding and good relations are complete.**

The sector at present allotted to the British Army, while not comparable with the major system of the Maginot Line, was thus fortunately provided in advance with field works. The task which fell to our soldiers on arrival was to add to and improve upon these, and this task they are undertaking with a will.

This is a fortress war. The House can see, in its mind's eye, the busy work of our soldiers, digging and building. Under their hands blockhouses and pill boxes take shape, and with digging machines and with squelching spades they throw up breastworks or carve out entrenchments. They are making battery positions, skilfully concealed, and obstacles to tank attack.

Everywhere there is activity and everywhere there is mud.

OVER hundreds of square miles of this bleak scene, British troops pursue their avocations.

An organization of almost inconceivably great dimensions has been established—a world within a world. The food, the clothing, the equipment, the correspondence, the amusements of a whole community are brought and are distributed over a distance of hundreds of miles.

Some idea of the ground to be covered can be vividly represented by a single figure. In the initial stages the B.E.F. consumed 500 tons of petrol a day. Now alternative bases have been established, additional locomotives will be imported and permanent-way laid down.

But still it is a question of vehicles, vehicles and more vehicles. We have already sent to France over 1,000 tons of spare parts and accessories.

If a letter is sometimes delayed in course of post, it will be recollected that in Britain communications pass through long-established channels with post offices, machinery for sorting and static staffs. The B.E.F. has an improvised organization and is dealing with 270,000 letters and 17,000 parcels a day—in proportion nearly double the quantity handled in 1918.

When one occasionally hears that a man in whom one is interested has not received a second blanket, it will be borne in mind that this is the first war which we have waged in which more than one blanket has been issued. The soldier, of course, must travel light.

On November 19 Mr. Hore-Belisha concluded a two days' visit to the Allied Armies in France, and spent a day in the British front area. He is here seen with General Viscount Gort during an inspection of earthworks.

Photo, British Official, Crown Copyright

A soldier's life, while he is campaigning, is never an easy one, and while everything practicable is being done to alleviate his lot, nothing can avoid the discomforts which are the inevitable accompaniment of active service conditions.

No man from personal experience understands better than the present Commander-in-Chief the circumstances of warfare and the requirements of his troops. His presence, inspiring confidence, is familiar in every part of the line.

THE ground which our Army occupies is also well known to him, and it is inspiring, as one stands upon some famous bridge or some hill once designated by a number, to hear his vivid description of a well-remembered exploit or encounter.

On the visit from which I have just returned I traversed with him almost the whole of the front, and came into the closest possible contact with officers and men of many different units. I can render at first hand an encouraging account of the fortitude and good temper of the troops.

Their health is exceptionally good, the sickness rate actually being lower than the peacetime rate at home.

The billets are mainly in farmhouses and village buildings, but we have sent to France enough huts to house 36,000 men. We are building great hangars and depots for the accommodation of stores, and I hope that the House will realize that the organizing ability of the Army in tasks having no parallel by their magnitude and variety in civil life is illustrated by those exceptional defects which prove the rule. Meanwhile, our Army grows. We dispatch arms and equipment to other parts of the world. We are preparing for all eventualities.

The Army at Home

AT home our anti-aircraft and coast defences remain continuously manned by personnel whose conditions of service in many cases are as hard as, and more lonely than, those in France, and whose duty is as important.

We have taken, besides the Militia classes which have been called up, over 85,000 voluntary recruits since the war began. Every week we have absorbed over 300 officers from the Emergency Reserve. Over 7,000 men from the ranks have been recommended for commissions, of whom 2,500 have already been posted to officer cadet training units.

Those fit for active service in the divisions at home will be progressively relieved from duty at vulnerable points as the county home defence battalions are formed. There is room in these battalions, as in the pioneer battalions, for men past middle age.

Thus the Army offers occupation in patriotic national service to old and young. The raising to 40,000 of the numbers of the A.T.S.—that admirable regiment of women—is another means of releasing active men for active service.

Those in munition factories are doing equally valuable work, for on them depends the speed with which additional contingents can participate in the war theatre.

Thus the war proceeds. **It is a war of endurance, a quality for which the British people is renowned. Every day that passes finds us stronger.** On the economy of the enemy the passage of time has not the same effect. To win he would have to break through the Allied defences. An assault upon these is awaited with confidence by the French Supreme Commander.

On our side we can afford to choose our opportunity. There is no dissension in our ranks; there are no conflicting counsels. Our strategy is predetermined, and so is the issue of this struggle.

Stalin Makes Foul War on Gallant Finland

After his easy victory over the Baltic States, Stalin made demands on Finland. But the Finns stood up for their heritage, and so on November 30 Soviet troops and 'planes swept across the frontier to punish what was quaintly styled "provocation."

AFTER weeks of goings and comings between Helsinki and Moscow, of negotiations behind closed doors in the Kremlin, of speeches and declarations, consultations with this country and with that, the controversy between Finland and Soviet Russia took a new and much more dangerous turn during the last week-end of November.

On the evening of Sunday, November 26, the Leningrad district High Command issued a communiqué accusing the Finns of having shelled during the afternoon Red Army troops on the Soviet-Finnish frontier. A little later Moscow announced that M. Molotov, Prime Minister and Commissar for Foreign Affairs for the Soviet Union, had handed a note of protest to the Finnish Minister in Moscow, Baron Koskinen. The note stated that the Soviet troops had not returned the fire of the Finnish artillery because they had been ordered not to react to provocation, and recalled that during the recent negotiations with the Finnish delegation the Soviet Government had pointed out the danger created by the presence of Finnish concentrations near Leningrad. This "provocative shelling" now showed that those concentrations not only represented a danger to Leningrad, but constituted a hostile act against the Soviet Union inasmuch as they had led to a direct attack on Soviet troops. Hence the Soviet Government asked that Finland should immediately withdraw all her troops in the frontier district on the Karelian Isthmus to a line twelve to sixteen miles from the frontier. On receipt of M. Molotov's note the Finnish Minister stated that he would communicate with his Government without delay, but the feeling between the two countries was hardly improved by such outbursts as that contained in the Moscow newspaper "Pravda," which referred to the Finnish Prime Minister, M. Cajander, as "a buffoon, jackanapes, perfidious and lecherous reptile without sharp teeth," and alleged that he and the Government were agents of British imperialism.

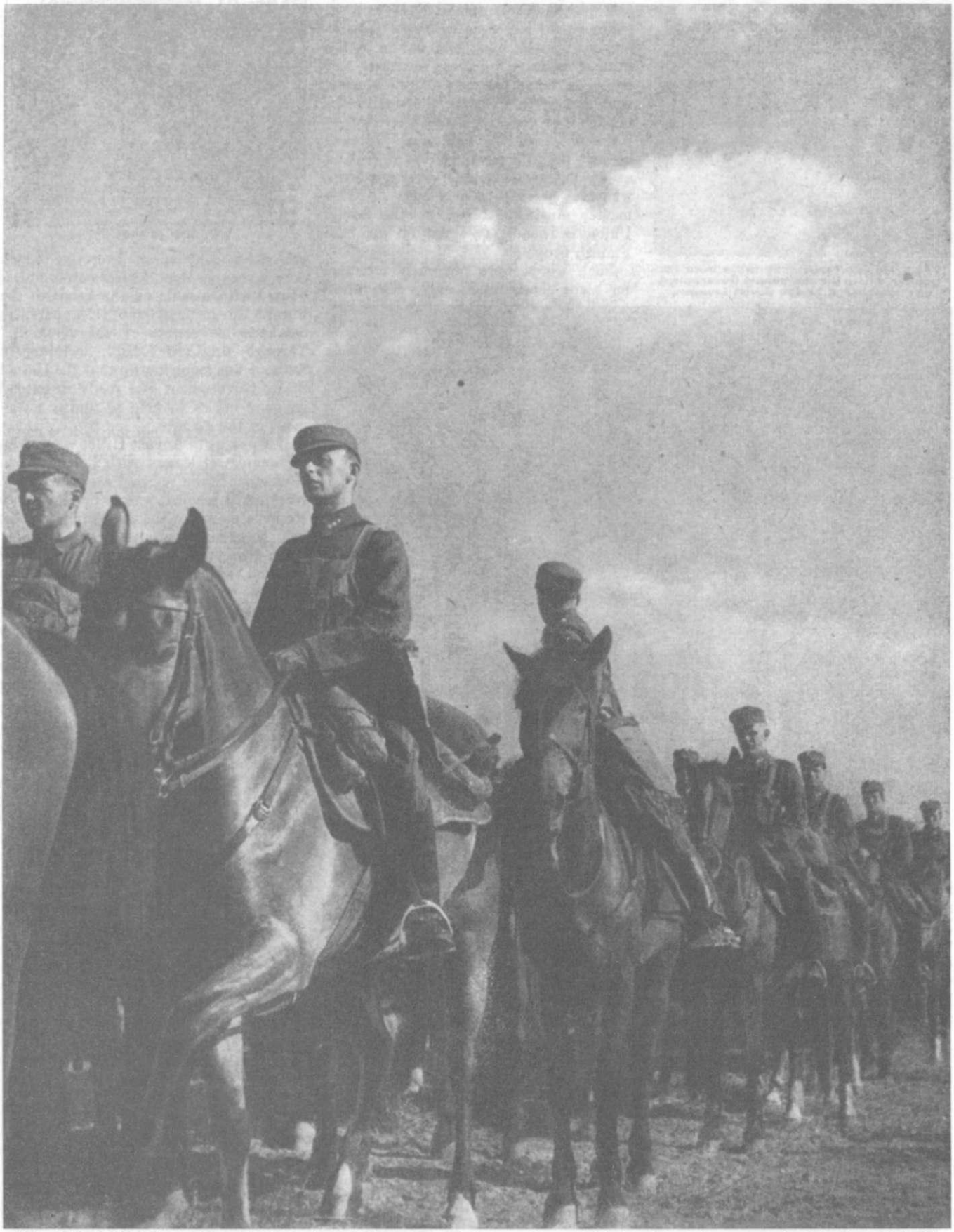
The Finnish General Staff asserted that not a single shot had been fired by the Finns, and it was pointed out that if the Finnish forces were withdrawn the distance required by the Soviet, it would mean the evacuation of Finland's "Maginot Line" on the Karelian Isthmus facing Leningrad. In view of reports of Soviet military and naval moves, Field-Marshal Mannerheim, Finland's Liberator in the war of 1918, went to the frontier to inspect the defences.

The Finnish reply to the Soviet note was presented on the evening of the next day, November 27; it rejected the Soviet Government's protest and declared that no hostile act against the Soviet Union had been committed. The seven shots mentioned by M. Molotov had been fired, it was stated, from guns on the Soviet side of the frontier.

The next day the Soviet military authorities reported two further frontier

Above, right, is Field-Marshal Baron Carl Gustav Mannerheim, who was appointed by President Kallio "Defender of Finland," and Commander-in-Chief when fighting began on November 30. Right is Lieut.-General Osterman, Commander-in-Chief of the Finnish Army. Above is a Finnish anti-aircraft battery.

Finland's Cavalry the Flower of Her Little Army



Finland, like Poland, has not completely mechanized her army and the peacetime establishment includes one cavalry brigade. A Finnish Cavalry regiment, magnificently mounted, is seen here. Every man in Finland from the age of 17 to the age of 60 is liable for military service, and all young men when they reach the age of 21 years are summoned to the colours, the term of service for those who do not intend to make the Army their career being 350 days. All were mobilized in the hour of Finland's desperate emergency.

Photo, Denise Bellon

The bridge at Terijoki, 10 miles from the frontier, where the new puppet Government was established by the Soviet invaders.

which the Finnish Government bears full responsibility." Went on M. Molotov: "The High Command of the Red Army has ordered the Army and Navy to be in readiness for any eventuality in order to prevent possible fresh provocation by the Finnish military" These measures had not been taken, as was alleged abroad, with a view to violating Finland's independence or annexing Finnish territory—"this is a perfidious calumny. We have no such intentions . . . we regard Finland as an independent and sovereign State whatever her regime may be. . . . This matter must be solved by the Soviet Union in friendly co-operation with the Finnish people."

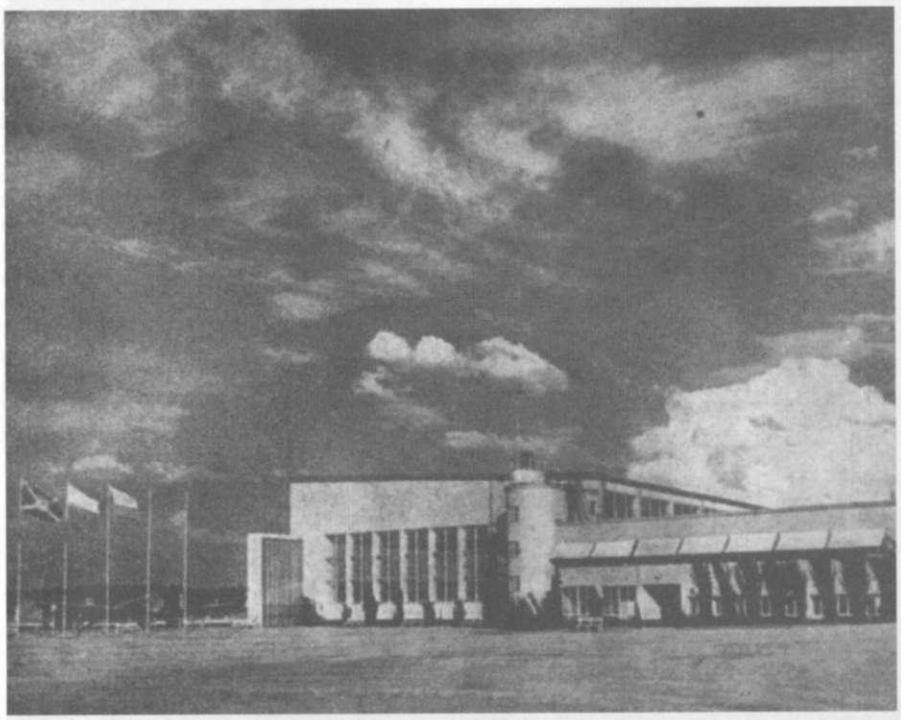
Such words were obviously intended for home consumption only. The world

This map shows the principal area in which Russia struck at Finland on November 30, by air, sea, and land. The country as a whole is shown in the map opposite. (See also map in page 234.)

with utter recklessness. Invective, which is even cheaper than the German brand, is poured with a ladle on the heads of the Finnish Government out of the apparently inexhaustible sewers of the Kremlin." Through Mr. Cordell Hull, Secretary of State, it was made known that the United States Government was ready to extend its good offices to help to find a settlement of the dispute.

But just as in August Hitler wanted no reasonable settlement with Poland, so in November Stalin rejected every overture. Nothing, it seemed, was to be allowed to stop the march of the steam-roller of the new Russian Imperialism.

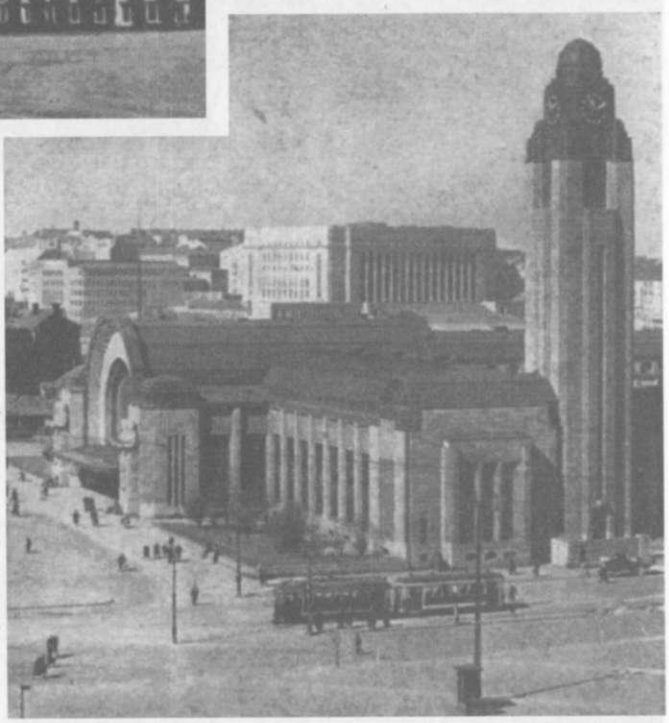
On November 30 Finland was invaded by land, sea, and air. The blow which the little country had dreaded so long had fallen at last, and it was part of the irony of things that at the very moment when Stalin's bombers were raining down death on Finland's cities, President Roosevelt's offer of American mediation was being handed in at the Kremlin.



Above is the modern airport at Helsinki on which the Russians dropped incendiary bombs soon after their ultimatum expired. Not all the bombs, however, were aimed at such military objectives as this, and many civilians perished in the ruins of their homes.
Photos, E.N.A. and Associated Press

incidents, and in the evening came the news that Russia had denounced the 1932 Pact of Non-aggression with Finland in view of Finland's denial of the shootings on the preceding Sunday, her refusal to withdraw troops from the frontier unless Russia did the same, and because her troops threatened the safety of Leningrad!

Before the Finnish Minister in Moscow had had an opportunity of delivering his Government's reply to the Soviet measure, M. Molotov announced that Russia had severed diplomatic relations with Finland. He declared that there had been "abominable provocation" by the Finns, and throughout the negotiations the Finnish Government had adopted an "irreconcilable attitude towards our country, acting in the interests of foreign imperialists and warmongers who are the enemies of the Soviet Union. We can no longer tolerate the present situation, for without watched with increasing disgust Stalin's attempt to cast little Finland for the role of aggressive bully. In America sympathy with Finland was most marked. As the "New York Times" wrote: "It has been left to those self-righteous people, the Government of Russia, so quick to rebuke imagined warmongering in others, to show the world what warmongering really meant in practice.... Hatred is preached



The Finns are immensely proud of their capital Helsinki, formerly known as Helsingfors. It contains many fine specimens of modern architecture, one of the most remarkable being the railway station seen above, standing in an open space in the centre of the city. The walls and the clock tower are of granite. *Photo, Derek Wordley*

Finland Defies the Russian Bully

That Stalin had perfected himself in the Hitlerian technique of aggression was made manifest when, after denouncing the Finns as warmongers and aggressors, he sent the Red Army to overwhelm a gallant little people who wanted only to be free.

Dr. Risto Ryti, the new Finnish Prime Minister, was Governor of the Bank of Finland until he undertook to form a Government on December 2nd, 1939.
Photo, Topical

WITHOUT any formal declaration of war Soviet troops and aeroplanes crossed the Finnish frontier on the morning of November 30. On land the three main attacks were directed against the Finnish "Maginot Line" on the Karelian isthmus, north of Lake Ladoga, and on the Ribachi peninsula on the Arctic coast. At the same time the Soviet navy left Kronstadt and bombarded several of the Finnish ports in the Gulf of Finland.

The Finns claimed that their army, now under the command of Baron C. G. Mannerheim, the Father of Finnish independence, was able to hold up the invaders at most points, but they could do little or nothing against the onslaught from the air. Several times during the first day of war Helsinki (Helsingfors), the Finnish capital, was the victim of deadly air-raids. In the first, at 9.15 a.m., a number of incendiary bombs were dropped from three Soviet 'planes, and about two hours later four raiders were sighted over Helsinki harbour, and bombs were dropped on Malm aerodrome.

So far the casualties and the damage had been almost negligible, but at 2.45 in the afternoon Soviet bombers approached the capital again from the sea. Apparently the raiders' objective was the airport, but the incendiary bombs went wide and several fires were started in the centre of the city. Some heavy bombs, presumably intended for the railway station, also fell wide. A big apartment house was almost destroyed, and a bomb falling in the street almost wiped out a crowded motorbus.

There was no panic, although the first bombs dropped barely a minute after the warning sirens had sounded. Many people seemed to be too dazed to take refuge in the cellars, and stood gazing as if stupefied up into the sky. As night fell the city was illumined by the flames of the burning buildings, in the light of which firemen dug furiously in the debris to recover the bodies of the wounded and the dead. Although the shops reopened and the evening newspapers came out as usual, thousands of people made a hurried exodus from the capital into the snow-covered woods beyond the suburbs.

At nine in the evening the deadly silence was broken again by the sirens, followed swiftly by the noise of crashing bombs. Still more fires lit up the sky, and a pitiful procession of women and children and old people poured in a constant stream along the roads which led to the comparative safety of the countryside. Mothers were carrying babies or leading young children; others staggered beneath bundles of supplies and rolled-up blankets; none knew where they would find safety, if indeed they might find it at all. They trudged on through the night, stunned by the calamity which had come so suddenly upon them.

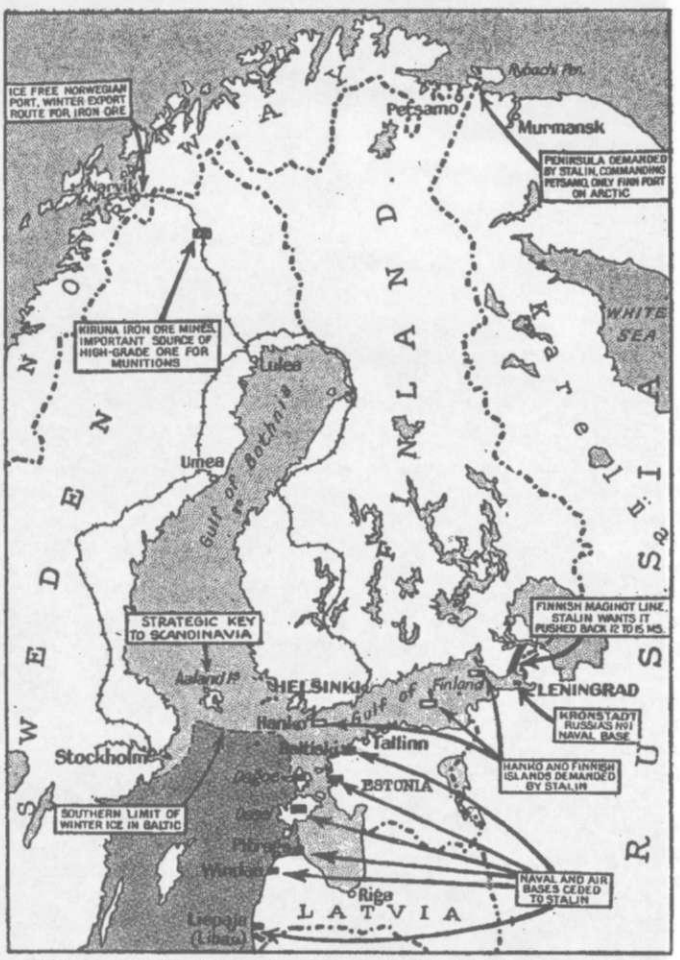
Many other towns in South Finland received a similar visitation, but the Finns were able to bring down at least 24 of the Russian machines. In the land fighting the Finns fought stubbornly and gave but little ground. The Russians were able to advance their lines somewhere in the Karelian isthmus, and also succeeded in occupying several of the islands in the Gulf of Finland. Their attacks on Hanko were repulsed, however, and after an initial victory at Petsamo they were driven out in a fierce hand-to-hand fight.

The Russian losses were heavy both in men and material; the Finns claimed to have destroyed between 30 and 40 tanks in the first two days' fighting. Wintry conditions prevailed everywhere, from the far north at Petsamo where the war was waged in a region in which the sun had set for the two months' winter night, to the south where hundreds of the invaders were drowned as they attempted to cross the ice on the frozen marshes north of Lake Ladoga.

Mannerheim issued an Order of the Day to his troops calling on them to "fulfil their duty even unto death. We fight for our homes, our faith, our fatherland"; and in Helsinki the new Government of National Union under M. Ryti reaffirmed the country's will to resist, although at the same time they declared their readiness to negotiate on honourable terms.

The Russians, however, refused to acknowledge the new Government, and set up a puppet creation of their own at Terijoki, just within the frontier, under the presidency of Otto Kuusinen, a Finnish revolutionary leader of the civil war of 1918. This "Government" accepted a treaty with the Soviet Union in which all the latter's demands were granted.

Meanwhile, M. Ryti's Government appealed to the League of Nations, and in every corner of the civilized world Finland's brave fight was watched with sympathetic indignation.



This map shows the concessions that had already been made to Russia by the Baltic States when the Soviet's demands upon Finland led to war. Other points of interest in Baltic and Scandinavian countries are also indicated.
Courtesy of the "Evening Standard"

Dawn Patrol: Britain's Fighters on the Wing to Meet the Challeng

WORDS THAT HISTORY WILL REMEMBER

(*Continued from page 402*)

Courage and Discipline of Allied Workers

Tuesday, November 14, 1939

M. PAUL REYNAUD, French Minister of Finance, in a broadcast:

Returning two years ago from a visit to Germany, I said to my fellow-countrymen: "Hurry up and arm. You have already entered the bloodless period of the war." And now we are at war. And again I say, our enemy is formidable. He is making frantic preparation. Time will be on our side if we use it. We must make freely an effort superior to that imposed by force on the German people. Our enemy is convinced that democratic peoples will not submit to such great sacrifices as they themselves. In that they are mistaken. After a few hours spent in this country I am impressed by the unanimous determination of the British people to conquer and to obtain at last the peace which will be really peace. The people of this country are as individualistic as our own, and still they have courageously accepted the discipline which is necessary in time of war. Industry has adapted itself to the necessity of arming the nation. To increase production, the workers have agreed to the relaxation of the rules of the Trade Unions. The sacrifice the taxation demanded is without precedent. All these things bear witness to the determination of the British people.

Now you will ask, what about the French people? Imagine a country in which one in every eight inhabitants is in the army; a country in which women have replaced men in the factories and in the fields. Nearly all the horses and the lorries have been commandeered. Very often there remains in a village only one horse, which is used by all in turn. The women whose husbands have left for the front guide the plough. . . .

Everyone has bravely faced the disaster. Our magnificent working-class is working sixty hours a week and more, and they are not only working overtime but they are giving up 40 per cent of their overtime pay. In addition to this, those under forty-nine who, by their age, are eligible for the army, are paying another 15 per cent of their salaries. Beside this, food restrictions have already started. Not only have the French people accepted these sacrifices with courage, but in spite of all this difficulty the financial recovery has not been interrupted. The rich continue to bring their money back into their country, for there are today greater gold and foreign exchange reserves than at the beginning of the war. The poor are making their money available to their country by increasing their savings in the banks. Everyone in France is confident in his country. . . .

Reprisals Against Germany's Acts of Piracy

Tuesday, November 21

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in the House of Commons:

The House will be aware that during the last three days upwards of ten ships, six of which were neutral, were sunk, with a serious loss of life, by German mines.

The Hague Convention, to which Germany is a party and which she announced her intention of observing as recently as September 17 last, provides that when anchored mines are used every possible precaution must be taken for the security of peaceful navigation. This is the very essence of the Convention, as the mines cannot discriminate between warship and merchant ship or between belligerent and neutral.

The Convention particularly requires that the danger zone must be notified, as soon as military exigencies permit, once the mines cease to be under the observation of those who laid them. None of these provisions has been observed by the German Government in laying mines which caused the losses I have mentioned, and this fresh outrage is only the culmination of a series of violations of the agreements to which Germany had set her hand.

I need only recall the sinking of the Athenia with the loss of 112 lives and subsequently the destruction of British, Allied and neutral vessels by mine, torpedo or gunfire. These attacks have been made often without warning and to an increasing extent with complete disregard of the rules laid down in the Submarine Protocol to which Germany subscribed or of the most elementary dictates of humanity.

His Majesty's Government are not prepared to allow these methods of conducting warfare to continue without retaliation. I may remind the House that in the last war, as a measure of justified reprisal for submarine attacks on merchant ships, exports of German origin or ownership were made subject to seizure on the High Seas.

The many violations of international law and the ruthless brutality of German methods have decided us to follow a similar course now, and an Order in Council will shortly be issued giving effect to this decision.

"Save Your Way to Victory"

Wednesday, November 22

Sir JOHN SIMON, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a broadcast:

Paying for the war is the business of every one of us. This is the most expensive war ever fought. It is already costing this country at least £6,000,000 a day. . . . We must all save every penny we possibly can, in order that we may have it to lend. Everyone who spends unnecessarily on himself is making it more difficult to carry on the war. If a man saves all he can and lends it to the Government he is not only making a useful provision for himself, but is himself helping to fight the war and hastening the day of victory. . . .

There is another reason why everybody should limit their spending and instead save all they can. The Government is bound to spend vast sums on supplies for carrying on the war, and there cannot be at the same time the same plentiful supplies for the people to spend their money on as in peacetime. Productive power, which would in peacetime be supplying our ordinary needs, has to be diverted to war production. In wartime our imports from abroad have to be cut down. There is inevitably a reduction in the supplies of some things to which we have become accustomed. There is, therefore, a special need for restraint in outlay, for if supplies are restricted and at the same time the public, instead of saving, tries to buy as much as or more than in peacetime, all this helps to raise prices unnecessarily.

You have been reading in your newspapers today of this latest abomination of German savagery—the magnetic mine secretly deposited in the channels of the sea in order to blow up without warning neutral and British shipping alike; and to destroy innocent lives—women children, and unarmed men—in breach of rules of war which Germany only two months ago had expressly promised to obey. Not even the inventiveness of Herr Goebbels can suggest that these sinkings have been contrived by the perverse ingenuity of Mr. Churchill in order to throw the blame on Germany! By this ruthless brutality the enemy hopes to sap the strength of our island fortress and to cut off our supplies. Meanwhile, the brave crews of our minesweepers are risking danger for their country's sake, our incomparable Navy is on the watch, the Air Force keeps ceaseless vigil, the Mercantile Marine continues its perpetual service, and all that skill and science can devise is devoted to meeting the new danger. We are confident that their efforts will be successful. Everyone can do his utmost to strengthen and support the country by saving all he can and putting his savings at the service of Britain.

THINGS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

U-Boat is short for *Unterseeboot*, literally "under-sea boat." In this war, as in the last, German submarines bear the letter U followed by a number, e.g. U 35. In the Great War, when the number in commission ran into several hundred, they were named UA, UB, UC, followed by a number.

Blue Book. Although the term "Blue Book" used to be applied only to British parliamentary and consular reports bound in blue paper wrappers and issued in folio form, it is now used to include many other official publications. One of the best-sellers of recent years has been the Blue Book whose official title is: "Documents concerning German-Polish Relations and the Outbreak of Hostilities between Great Britain and Germany on September 3, 1939." Official documents referring to foreign affairs are known as **White Papers**, e.g. Sir Nevile Henderson's "Final Report" and the "Papers concerning the Treatment of German Nationals in Germany." Each Blue Book and White Paper bears a number, e.g. Cmd. 6115, in which Cmd. is short for "command," as the publication is "Presented by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to Parliament by command of his Majesty." Government publications of foreign countries also have distinctive colours, e.g. Belgium, grey; France, yellow; Germany, white; Italy, green, etc.

Blockade. Although the term may be employed as a convenient one for describing economic warfare based on the exercise of belligerent rights at sea, Britain has declared no blockade of Germany. Blockading in the naval sense is the control of an enemy port or series of ports and coastline, so that not only may none of the enemy ships enter or leave, but no neutral ships may have intercourse with the blockaded area. In February, 1915, Germany declared a blockade of the United Kingdom, and in the following month Britain replied by declaring Germany to be in a state of blockade. At the outbreak of war in 1939 it was considered sufficient to institute a system of **Contraband Control** in the course of which goods consigned to Germany directly or indirectly which might be used in the carrying on of the war were declared to be liable to seizure as absolute or conditional contraband. The **"State of Siege"** referred to by Hitler would seem to be but another term for blockade. Siege really means the "sitting down" of an army, etc., before a fortified place for the purpose of taking it either by direct military attack or by starving it out.

Britain Hits Back at the Mine-Laying 'Planes

Here is the thrilling story of the raid by British warplanes made on November 28 on the German seaplane base at Borkum. They had been looking for the mine-layers—and they had found them.

This map shows the position of Borkum, one of the Friesian Islands, 250 miles from the English coast, on which the raid described in this page was made.

FLYING had finished for the day at the German seaplane base on the windswept island of Borkum. It was almost dark, and the seaplanes had been drawn up on the slipways ready to be put to bed in the hangars.

Perhaps these very 'planes were among those which a week before had been seen by observers on the East Coast of Britain dropping objects by parachute, and also alighting on the water and then taking off again—in other words, laying mines either of the submarine magnetic type or of the floating bubble variety, parachutes being used to lessen the shock of the mine striking the water. If such indeed they were, their nefarious activities were over, for suddenly there swooped down from among the clouds that lay low above the water a squadron of British long-range fighters.

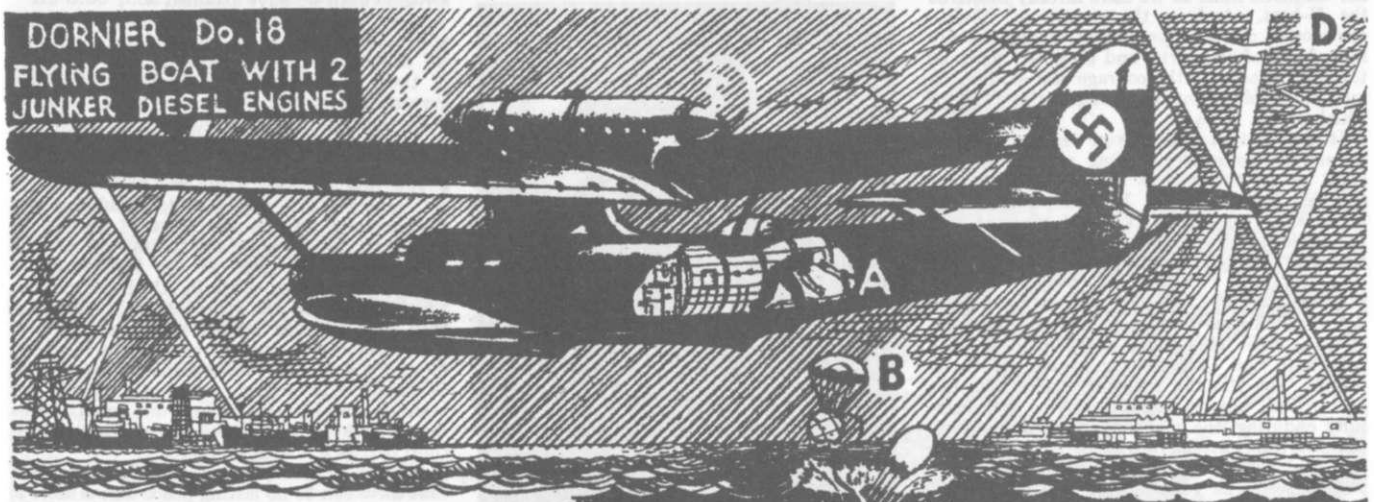
The defence was taken completely by surprise, and the utmost confusion reigned. In what one of the British pilots described as "a few glorious moments of low strafing," five German seaplanes were machine-gunned, three out of four machine-gun posts on the Mole were probably put out of action, and several enemy patrol boats were riddled with bullets.

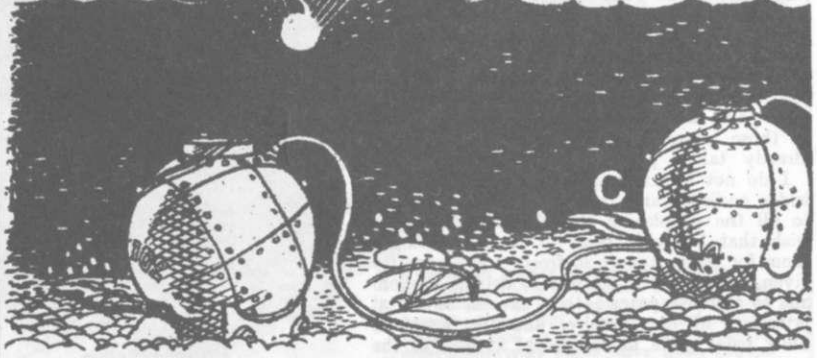
Flying Ten Feet Above the Guns

The 'planes flew so low—according to the German account some of them were at a height of no more than nine or ten feet—that the defenders found great difficulty in bringing their machine-guns and pom-poms into action. The raiders could see men running in all directions, and some gunners occupying a post on top of a hangar were apparently hit. After a few minutes the anti-aircraft guns and the coastal patrol boats started firing, but by this time the British 'planes had reached their objectives.

Quickly the squadron re-formed and disappeared into the mist. All the twelve returned safely to their base in England, the last 200 miles of the journey being covered in complete darkness. No enemy fighters had spotted their approach in time to come up to engage them, and no enemy aircraft were observed on the return flight. In spite of the intense barrage the British raiding party suffered no casualties, and not one of the dozen aircraft was hit. Later it was disclosed that the 'planes were twin-engined Blenheims, and of the pilots six were R.A.F. regulars and six members of the Auxiliary Air Force. Not one of the intrepid attackers had been under fire before.

Naturally enough, the Germans sought to disparage the results achieved. No serious damage was done, they claimed; but at the same time they admitted that it was "undoubtedly a daring exploit." And away back across the North Sea thirty-six airmen went in to dinner conscious of a day's work well done.





HOW MAGNETIC MINES ARE LAID FROM FLYING BOATS

A. Magnetic mines being released. B. Parachutes prevent the mines from striking the sea with damaging force. C. Mines are coupled in pairs. D. Decoy planes fly at a great height to attract the defenders while the mine-laying machines fly just above the sea. Left is a bullet hole in an East Coast pier window made by machine-gun fire from a mine-laying 'plane.

Diagram specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by Haworth*

'TO DEFEND FREEDOM & TO ESTABLISH PEACE'

On the evening of Sunday, November 26, the Prime Minister came to the microphone and with many a trenchant phrase reviewed the course of the war and stated anew the Allies' war aims. Below are the most important passages from his speech.

"THE last time I broadcast to you," the Premier began, "was on September 3, and it was to tell you that we were at war with Germany. Now after just twelve weeks of war I am speaking to you again, with full confidence in our ultimate victory."

Up to the present (he went on) the war has been carried on in a way very different from what we expected. We need not attribute the reluctance of the Germans to begin a great land offensive or to attempt a series of mass attacks from the air upon this country to their humanity. We have had plenty of evidence that no considerations of humanity deter them from any form of warfare that they think will bring them some advantage. . . .

THE latest of these methods as you all know is the sowing of a new kind of mine indiscriminately in our home waters. It matters nothing to them that what they are doing is contrary to international agreements, to which they have subscribed. It matters nothing to them that they are daily blowing up neutral ships as well as British, and thereby drowning or mutilating citizens of countries with which they are not at war. They hope by these barbarous weapons to cut off our supplies from overseas and so squeeze or starve us into submission.

We Shall Master the Mine

YOU need have no fear that this attempt will succeed. **Already we know the secrets of the magnetic mine, and we shall soon master the magnetic mine as we have already mastered the U-boat.** And in the meantime, despite some losses, our convoys are still moving steadily in and out of our ports, and they will continue to do so, thanks to the courage and skill of the men in our Merchant Navy and in the warships which escort them.

It may be that some of you who are listening to me are yourselves serving at sea in H.M. ships or in the vessels which maintain our supplies from oversea. I would like you to know that we are thinking of you, and of the perils of storms and of a ruthless enemy that you are facing day and night . . .

OTHERS of my listeners may be serving in the Army, some in distant garrisons oversea, some in France, some again keeping perpetual vigil over their guns on the Home Front. For you the time for conflict has not yet arrived, but we know that you are cheerfully enduring the monotony and discomforts that inevitably attend the routine of preparation, and that when the day of battle comes you will be ready as your fathers were before you.

And as for you who are serving in the Air Force, our youngest fighting Service, you too have an important part to play in the defence of the homeland as well as in the defeat of the enemy's forces. We have watched with pride and admiration your gallant exploits in those aerial combats in which you have already taken part. . . .

I do not forget that I have tonight a still wider audience and that my voice will travel to all the peoples of the British Empire. I wish that I could speak to each and thank them for their support so freely and so swiftly given. **We entered the war to defend freedom and to establish peace ; those are the two vital principles of our Empire, and the Empire's unity today gives us the moral as well as the material strength to win them.**

AND now I want to speak to those among you who are listening to me from your homes in the towns and villages of Great Britain. Many of you are engaged on one form or another of National Service, often at great sacrifice to yourselves ; others are serving your country no less usefully, on the land, in mines and factories, in hospitals, in offices, in your own homes, and in numberless other ways . . .

THERE must be few to whom it has not meant anxiety or disturbance of mind, discomfort, material loss, or even severe hardship. Husbands and wives have been separated from one another or from their children. Home arrangements have been upset by having to billet strangers or children accustomed to different ways of living. Businesses have been dislocated, hard-earned practices have had to be abandoned. Buildings have been commandeered at short notice and at great inconvenience to their owners and occupants. Heavy taxation has cut into incomes and imposed severe restriction upon expenditure.

Then again there are the daily irritating inconveniences of restrictions of various kinds, not forgetting the black-out and the difficulty and discomfort of travelling. Most of these hardships and inconveniences have been brought about by the necessity of providing against attacks from the air. Some of them may seem now to have been unnecessary since the air raids have not taken place. But if they had come, as every one expected, and had found us unprepared, you would have rightly blamed the Government for its neglect. Even now we cannot assume that the Germans will not change their tactics and make a sudden attack from the air upon this country . . .

I SAID a little while ago that this was a different kind of war from what we expected. Perhaps you may sometimes wonder why we ourselves are not attacking the enemy with more vigour. Well, I would remind you that the art of war consists in bringing the greatest possible force to bear at the right place and at the right time. In our case the place and time will be decided by those who are responsible for the strategy of the Allies. But in the meanwhile we are not losing anything by delay, for time is on our side. **Every week that passes by intensifies the pressure upon Germany of the Allies' blockade, which is slowly but surely depriving her of those materials which are essential to the successful prosecution of a modern war and which she cannot produce within her own borders.**

In this portion of a recent photograph of the whole War Cabinet, Mr. Chamberlain, whose vigorous second war broadcast is condensed in this page, is seen with Mr. Churchill and Sir Kingsley Wood.

Photo, B.I.P.P.A.

War Aims and Peace Aims

WHAT is the purpose for which we are today standing side by side with our French and Polish allies ? . . . In my own mind I make a distinction between war aims and peace aims. Our war aim can be stated very shortly. It is to defeat our enemy, and by that I do not merely mean the defeat of the enemy's military forces. I mean **the defeat of that aggressive bullying mentality which seeks continually to dominate other peoples by force, which finds a brutal satisfaction in the persecution and torture of inoffensive citizens, and in the name of the interests of the State justifies the repudiation of its own pledged word whenever it finds it convenient.** If the German people can be convinced that that spirit is as bad for themselves as for the rest of the world they will abandon it. If we can secure that they do abandon it without bloodshed, so much the better ; but abandoned it must be. That is our war aim, and we shall persevere in this struggle until we have attained it.

When we come to peace aims we are dealing with something to be achieved in conditions we cannot at present foresee. Our definition of them can, therefore, only be in the most general terms, but there can be no harm in declaring the broad principles on which we should desire to found them.

OUR desire, then, when we have achieved our war aim, would be **to establish a new Europe ; not new in the sense of tearing up all the old frontier posts and re-drawing the map according to the ideas of the victors, but a Europe with a new spirit in which the nations which inhabit it will approach their difficulties with good will and mutual tolerance.** In such a Europe fear of aggression would have ceased to exist, and such adjustment of boundaries as would be necessary would be thrashed out between neighbours sitting on equal terms round a table, with the help of disinterested third parties if it were so desired.

In such a Europe, it would be recognized that there can be no lasting peace unless there is a full and constant flow of trade between the nations concerned, for only by increased interchange of goods and services can the standard of living be improved. In such a Europe each country would have the unfettered right to choose its own form of internal government, so long as that government did not pursue an external policy injurious to its neighbours. Lastly, in such a Europe armaments would gradually be dropped as a useless expense, except in so far as they were needed for the preservation of internal law and order.

LET us then gird up our loins, confident in our own tenacity and resolute in our determination. Let us keep clear before our eyes the necessity that **this reign of terror instituted under the present German Govermnent should come to an end, in order that we may build a new and better Europe.** We know that in this great struggle we are fighting for the right and against the wrong. Let us then go forward with God's blessing on our arms, and we shall prevail.

'Rawalpindi' Went Down With Colours Flying

On November 23, 1939, the "Rawalpindi" wrote another glorious page in British sea history when she fought single-handed the German pocket battleship "Deutschland."

This map shows approximately the position, south-east of Iceland, in which the "Rawalpindi" fought her great fight against the "Deutschland" and a ship that it was not possible to identify.

ON a raw November afternoon the "Rawalpindi" was keeping her course in the cold, tempestuous Atlantic somewhere between Iceland and Norway. Only a few months before she had been sailing the tropic seas as one of the crack liners of the P. and O. passenger fleet; now and since the war began she was forming a part of the Northern Patrol, that flotilla of armed merchant cruisers, large vessels of good sea-keeping qualities and capable of enduring frequent storms, which enforce the contraband control of German trade.

At 3.30 p.m., when it was already dusk, she sighted an enemy ship. What followed may be best related in the words of the Admiralty official account:

Captain Kennedy, having examined this vessel through his glasses, said: "It's the 'Deutschland' all right," and the crew were immediately ordered to action stations. Course was altered to bring the enemy on the starboard quarter. Smoke-floats were lit and cast overboard to enable the "Rawalpindi" to escape. However, a second enemy ship was seen to starboard.

The "Deutschland," approaching, signalled to the "Rawalpindi" to stop, and when she continued her course fired a shot across her bows.

As this warning was rejected, the first salvo was fired by the 11-in. guns of the "Deutschland" a little after 3.45 p.m. at a range of 11,000 yards. The "Rawalpindi" replied with all her four starboard 6-in. guns. The third salvo from the "Deutschland" put out all the lights and broke the electric winches of the ammunition supply. The fourth salvo shot away the whole of the bridge and wireless room.

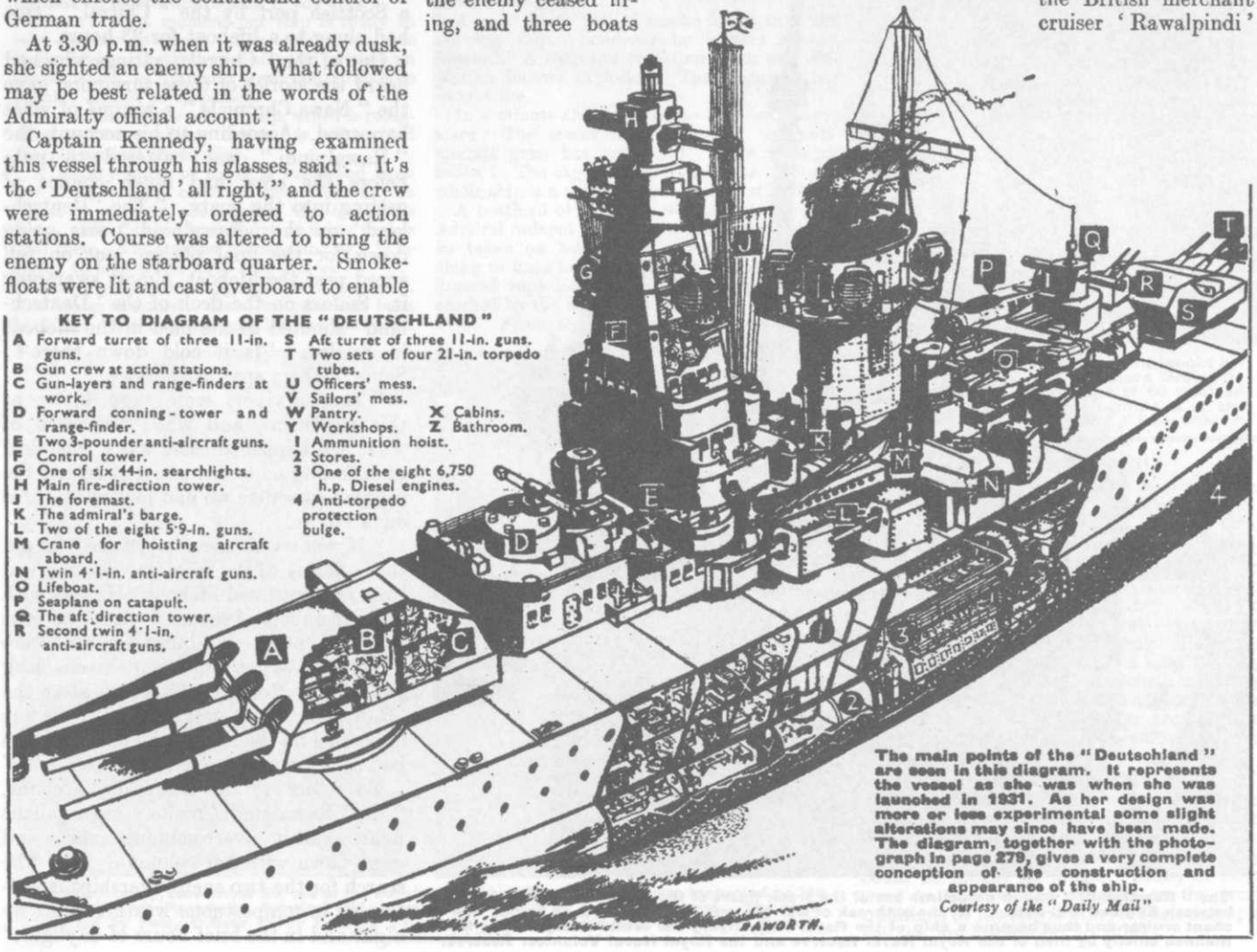
Both the German ships were now closing rapidly, and by this time the second had gone round the "Rawalpindi's" stern and was firing from the port side. The "Rawalpindi" maintained the fight until every gun was put out of action and the whole ship ablaze except the forecastle and the poop.

After about 30 to 40 minutes of this unequal combat, about 4.15 to 4.25 p.m., the enemy ceased firing, and three boats which were not shattered by shell-fire, one of which became waterlogged, were lowered. Two of these boats, containing over 30 men, were, it is believed, picked up by one of the German ships.

The 11 survivors, who have been brought in by the "Chitral," swam to the waterlogged lifeboat, and would probably have been picked up, but for the fact that at about 6.15 p.m. the approach of a British cruiser caused the enemy immediately to withdraw.

The "Rawalpindi" continued to burn amidships until 8 o'clock, when she turned turtle to starboard and foundered with all remaining hands. Meanwhile the British cruiser attempted to shadow the German ships, but in a sudden heavy rainstorm and the darkness of the night, they made their escape from the scene.

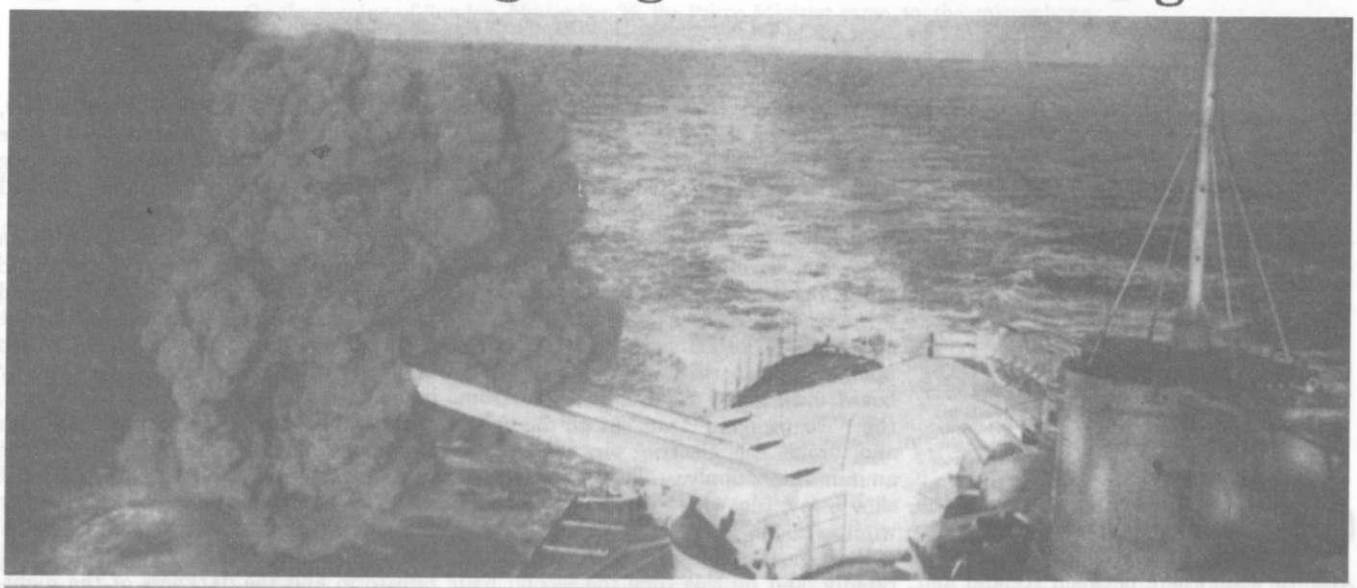
So the Admiralty statement. The German statement was far less detailed. "German naval forces," it ran, "commanded by Rear-Admiral Marschall, carried out scouting operations in the North Atlantic between the Faroe Islands and Greenland. Near Iceland, the British merchant cruiser 'Rawalpindi'


KEY TO DIAGRAM OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND"
A Forward turret of three 11-in. guns.
B Gun crew at action stations.
C Gun-layers and range-finders at work.
D Forward conning-tower and range-finder.
E Two 3-pounder anti-aircraft guns.
F Control tower.
G One of six 44-in. searchlights.
H Main fire-direction tower.
J The foremast.
K The admiral's barge.
L Two of the eight 5·9-in. guns.
M Crane for hoisting aircraft aboard.
N Twin 4·1-in. anti-aircraft guns.
O Lifeboat.
P Seaplane on catapult.
Q The aft direction tower.
R Second twin 4·1-in. anti-aircraft guns.
S Aft turret of three 11-in. guns.
T Two sets of four 21-in. torpedo tubes.
U Officers' mess.
V Sailors' mess.
W Pantry.
X Cabins.
Y Workshops.
Z Bathroom.
1 Ammunition hoist.
2 Stores.
3 One of the eight 6,750 h.p. Diesel engines.
4 Anti-torpedo protection bulge.
DAWORTH.

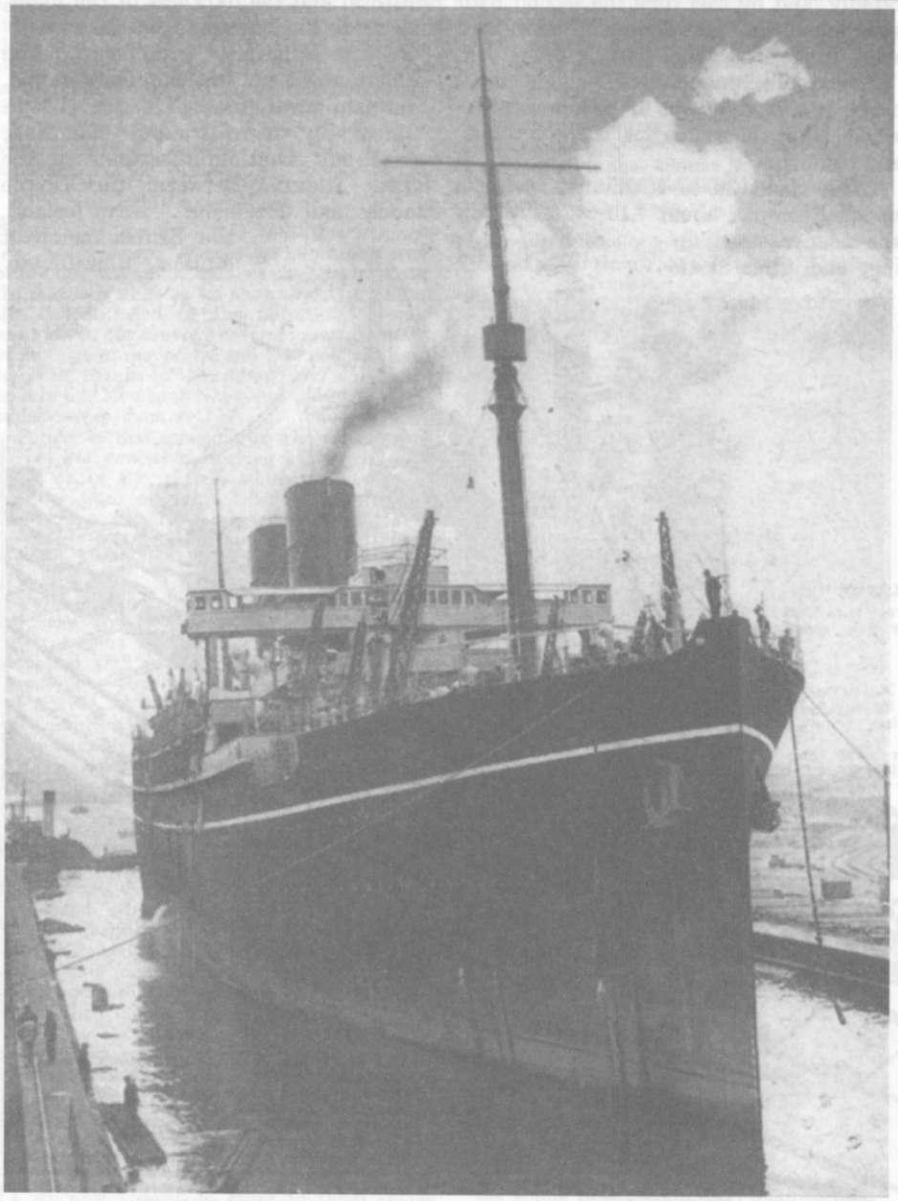
The main points of the "Deutschland" are seen in this diagram. It represents the vessel as she was when she was launched in 1931. As her design was more or less experimental some slight alterations may since have been made. The diagram, together with the photograph in page 279, gives a very complete conception of the construction and appearance of the ship.

Courtesy of the "Daily Mail"

'A Most Gallant Fight Against Overwhelming Odds'



Above, the 11-in. guns of the "Deutschland" are firing a salvo. She carries six guns of that calibre, a remarkable armament for a ship of only 10,000 tons.
Photos, Planet News



The "Rawalpindi" was in peacetime one of the crack liners of the P. & O. Company plying between England and Japan. At the outbreak of war she was converted into an armed merchant cruiser and thus became a ship of the Royal Navy flying the White Ensign. She was manned chiefly by men of the Royal Naval Reserve and the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

was met and sunk after a short battle. Only 26 of her crew could be rescued owing to the rough sea."

Eleven more of the "Rawalpindi's" complement of some 300 were landed at a Scottish port by the "Chitral." One had clung to a lifeboat for 23 hours.

One of the "Chitral" ratings who had heard the stories of these survivors gave the "News Chronicle" a résumé of what happened. According to his account, the "Rawalpindi" was battered to pulp before the crew had much chance of getting into the boats. "The 'Deutschland,' as the 'Rawalpindi' was going down for the final plunge, put on full speed past the lifeboat, almost swamping it. Sailors on the deck of the 'Deutschland' shouted to the men in the lifeboat in English: 'Is it cold down there?' Some of them spat at the men.

"The survivors were very bitter at this treatment, and when we heard of what had happened there was a good deal of ill-feeling on board between us and the German prisoners we had picked up three days before.

"It was even worse when we realized the suffering of the man who was rescued from the upturned lifeboat. He was with other members of the crew when the boat capsized and all but himself were drowned. We got him about three o'clock on Friday afternoon, 23 hours after the 'Rawalpindi' was sunk. For hours he was crouching on the keel of the boat and was half dead from cold when we spotted him."

To return to the Admiralty account, "the 'Rawalpindi' made a most gallant fight against overwhelming odds, and went down with her colours flying. The search for the two enemy warships is continuing in tempestuous weather both by night and in the brief hours of daylight."

Nelson Would Have Said 'Well Done'

These two survivors of the crew of the "Rawalpindi" are taking tickets at a northern station. On the left is one of the ship's boys who could not swim, but by clinging to an oar managed to reach a lifeboat. The man on the right held on to a capsized boat for 19 hours. *Photo, G.P.U.*

The Enemy Could Not Forbear to Cheer

On board a German warship.

It is late afternoon. We are south-east of Iceland. The sun is just beginning to dip behind the clouds on the horizon.

There. A signal. "A large steamer sighted." The Admiral orders, "Halt, steamer." Suddenly the Briton moves away from us. With full steam ahead, we follow the foe, who is evidently seeking to escape. Does he hope, with his fast engines, to escape destruction in the dusk?

Alarm! In a moment our ship is ready to take on any opponent. The commander goes to the bridge. I stand near him and witness an action which, in dramatic power and grandiose beauty, cannot be surpassed.

The outline of the enemy ship, which is recognized as an auxiliary cruiser, is silhouetted sharply against the skyline.

A mighty burst of firing is unleashed from our ship; a thick cloud of smoke follows. It places a warning shot before the stranger's bows. What's that? A burst of firing flashes over there. The steamer is answering us. Is he trying to hold us off until help arrives?

Suddenly there is a mighty roar on our ship. The bridge trembles. Have we ourselves been hit? No. Our ship has only let its guns speak. Then follows salvo upon salvo. After a few minutes hits can be discerned on the enemy. But he is still defending himself. Amidships something whistles over the heads of our anti-aircraft guns. Several hundred yards behind us the enemy's six-inch shells crash into the water. Now a couple of salvos in front of us. Detonation on the enemy. Now he is burning astern and amidships—and he ceases firing. We silence our guns.

A great black pall of smoke hangs over the burning ship. Suddenly he lurches heavily forward. A roar and crackling reach us. Explosion follows explosion. The magazine has caught fire.

In a minute the sky is lit up as if with silver stars. The tracer ammunition of the anti-aircraft guns has gone up! He is a tough fellow! The explosions last one hour while the whole ship is a mass of flames, but is still afloat.

A boatload of survivors was picked up. The Admiral ordered that the wrecked crew should be taken on board. Desperately the British clung to lines helpfully thrown to them and to lowered rope ladders, still in danger of being crushed by the wildly-rolling boats.

From the German official statement.

On Wednesday, November 29, ten of the survivors of the "Rawalpindi" were inspected on the Horse Guards Parade by Admiral Sir Charles Little, Chief of Naval Personnel. The party was led by Petty Officer Percy Harris; just behind him, right, is Able-Seaman F. Russell. *Photo, Associated Press*

Captain E. C. Kennedy, R.N., who fought his ship in the spirit of Sir Richard Grenville, had retired, but at the age of 60 rejoined the R.N. and was given command of the "Rawalpindi." *Photo, "Daily Mirror"*

'They Were Great'

The following fine tribute to his mates was paid by a survivor of the "Rawalpindi":

Against terrific fire from two enemy warships the poor old "Rawalpindi" had no chance at all. Soon the whole ship was in flames. Yet our men fought their guns to the very last as though they were on manœuvres. They were great—every man of them. Maybe some people think that the British Navy tradition is a kind of fairy story. Now that I have watched the Navy fight, I know better. The tradition of the British Navy is something far greater than can be imagined by anyone who has never seen the Navy in action.

And here is what the Premier said:

These men must have known as soon as they sighted their enemy that there was no chance for them, but they had no thought of surrender. They fought their guns until they could be fought no longer. Many of them went to their deaths carrying on the great traditions of the Royal Navy. Their example will be an inspiration to others . . .

They Watch and Wait for Endless Hours

"They're fine men whose trying job it is to wait and watch for endless hours in all weathers," wrote Mr. Trevor Allen in the "Star," after a night-time visit to a balloon barrage station. Here is his description of what he saw.

A BLEAK black-out night somewhere beyond London's East End. For all I know it might be the end of the world. . . .

In the gloom R.A.F. boys are close-hauling a barrage balloon. It yaws in the bitter wind, looms overhead like some monstrous elephant. The Flight Officer beside me says: "They can be the devil sometimes. Bounce half a dozen hefty men about and make them feel almost as helpless as children. When it's rough you may have to give a balloon a rest every thousand feet to steady it." He leads the way to a dark building a few yards off, pushes open a door. "Come into the office . . ."

I find myself in a saloon bar: Business as Usual, it seems. Two or three of the boys off-duty are "having one." Upstairs, within sound of the revelry and clinking glasses, is the Orderly Room, with telephone, records, Orders of the Day, and beds for the orderlies.

A Service lorry brings to a balloon barrage station a supply of hydrogen gas. It is contained in cylinders filled under very high pressure.

An adjoining room is the officers' bedroom, looking as near as possible like home. An Orderly Room in a public-house! Yes, it's a strange war.

Nicely fortified against the cold wind, we groped across the waste bit again to the side-quarters; a bell-tent with sandbagged brailing, a bunkhouse with earth floor like a Klondyke miner's.

The men had built the bunkhouse themselves, mostly from material scrounged from kind-hearted folk who know how the wind can whistle over those river flats on winter nights and make you think longingly of Home, Sweet Home.

Food in 'Hay-boxes'

All the meals for the isolated balloon sites in a Flight are cooked at Flight H.Q., and distributed in thermostatic "hay-boxes." So picture the orderlies, in some cases, man-handling the boxes across muddy marshes and ditches even in the dark; savour their dulcet R.A.F. murmurings as one comes a cropper in the mire and his mate slides shin-deep at least into a dyke. Far, far away now across a black no-man's land is that friendly, cosy tavern. There's a wind howling, and maybe the rain teeming down. They know of a better 'ole but they can't go to it.

Some boxes must be carted to a tug which takes them to barges way out over the chill, bleak river—say, an hour's journey. They carry "love and kisses" from a two-bob-a-day cook who was cook in a submarine in the last war and rose to 14s. 6d. a day C.P.O. rank.

And they smell good when you're living the life of a bargee with something high and mighty to look after which tries to make your days a nightmare when gales be blowin', and induced a new aircraftman to say, as he tugged at the silver brute: "Lumme! I'd rather deal with the missus any day!"

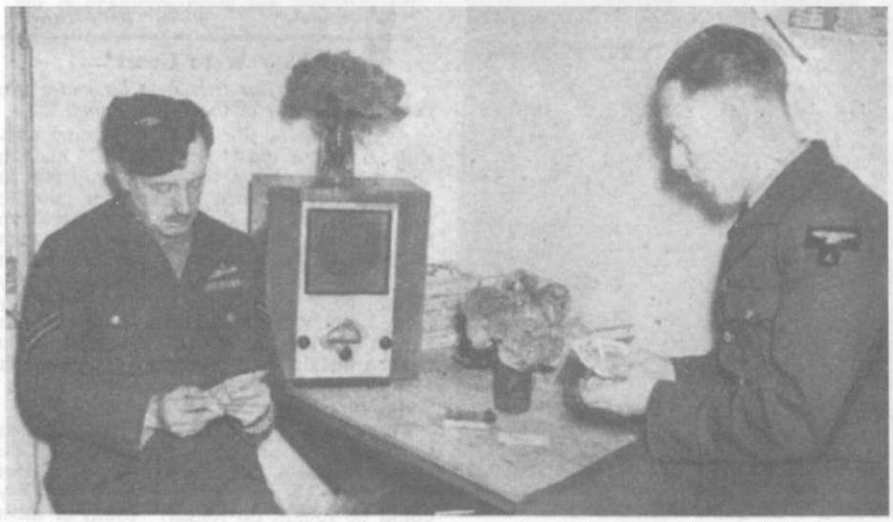
Squadron H.Q. comprises an infants' school where the Lilliputian sanitary fixtures move hefty aircraftmen to mirth. There I meet the keen-as-mustard O.C., who charts all his balloons on maps and blackboards and knows at a glance at any given moment the state of his brave barrage, its gadgets and hydrogen supply. He was formerly a Cavalry officer; and, believe me, where bucking broncs are concerned, he'd rather deal with the most temperamental 'osses any day.

Like the 'osses, these balloons have to be "groomed, fed and watered" daily in systematic rotation, so that no dangerous gaps are left in the barrage at any one time. Hydrogen constantly leaks out, air enters under pressure, causing loss of lift. Rigging must be adjusted, valves overhauled.

There is fire-danger from thunder-storms; tricky air-currents may entangle two balloons. If one breaks loose—and how the site-corporal loves losing his balloon!—off goes a 'phone flash to an aerodrome, and up goes a pilot to chase it and shoot it down.

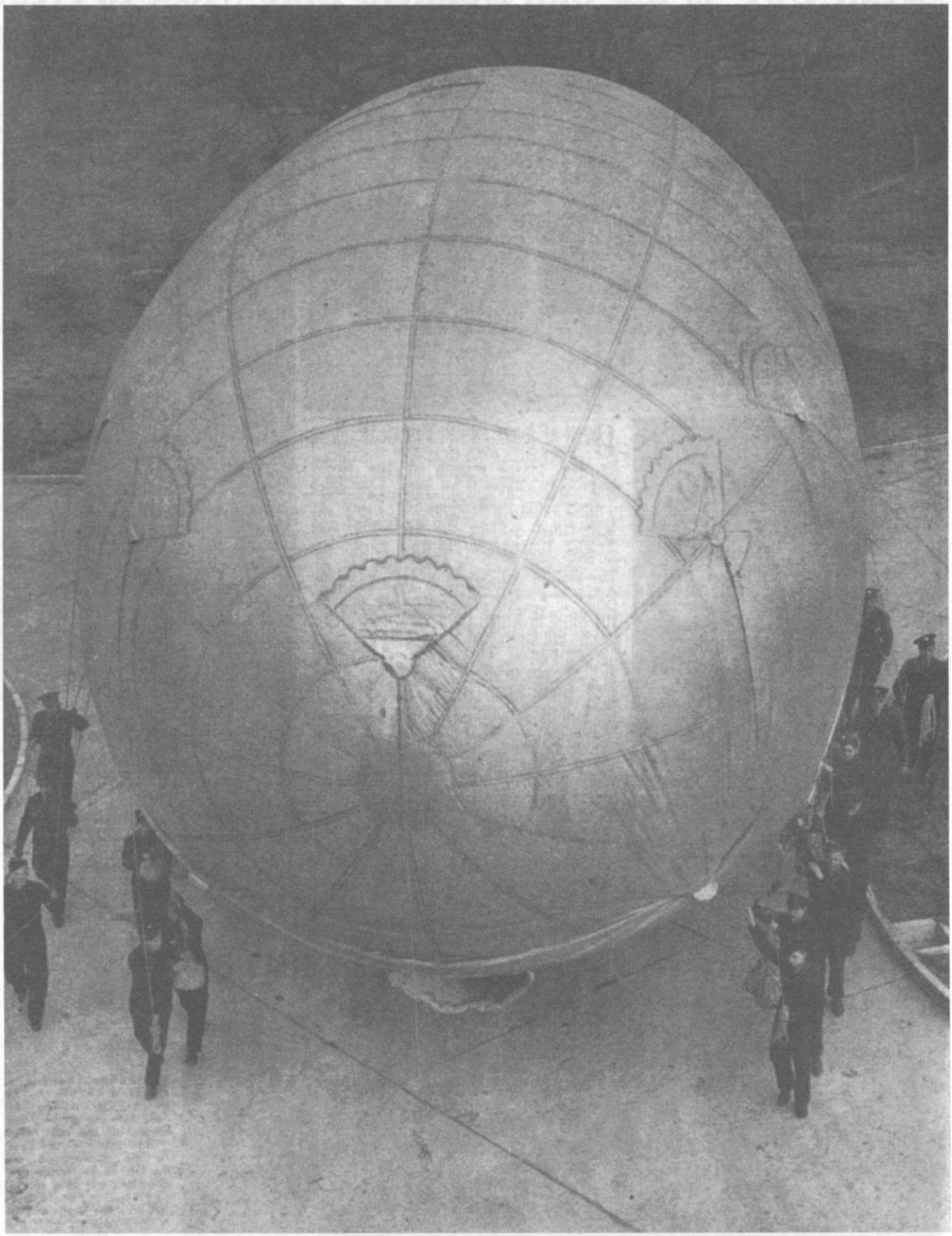
So it's not as simple as it looks, this balloon-nursing. But it gives London and other cities and vital points reasonable security from swooping raiders and precision-bombing; it compels attacking aircraft to fly high and take pot-luck where fighters and anti-aircraft can best deal with them—so near the "ceiling" that they may have to use oxygen-gear.

An officer commanding a German Balloon Barrage, speaking from Berlin, declared that "aircraft will definitely avoid attacking an objective protected by balloon barrage." He ought to know.



The men who are in charge of the balloon barrage lead lonely lives, even though their stations are in the heart of a great city. They do their best to while away their long watches with cards and the radio, as the two men above are doing, but some of them can put up a notice outside their canteen such as that seen (right). *Photos, Fox*

These 'Babies of the Sky' Are Lusty Infants



If and when the test comes, there is no reason to suppose that the usefulness of the balloon barrage in defence will be any less than that of the fighters or anti-aircraft guns, already proved in action. The balloons are manned by personnel of the Auxiliary Air Force, and some of these volunteers are seen above man-handling a fully-inflated balloon. This has a capacity of 20,000 cubic feet of hydrogen, and the envelope is made of two-ply rubber-proofed cotton with an aluminium powder finish to reflect the heat of the sun.

Photo, Fox

'Mail Up!' is the Call Soldiers Like Most to Hear

Top, a post office van is being loaded. Below, a parcel that has become a casualty is receiving treatment.

BOTH at home and in France the huge mail that goes to troops is handled by the postal section of the Royal Engineers. There is an Army post office "Somewhere in England" to which the Post Office delivers the Army post and whence the letters are sent on to the serving men both at home and abroad. The task of the sorters in the Army Post Office is a particularly arduous one, for the units in which the men to whom the letters are addressed are serving are often on the move. They cannot give notice of "change of address," but the Army Post Office knows where they are and their letters follow them with scarcely any delay. Some 4,500 bags of letters and 13,000 bags of parcels are now sent to the B.E.F. every week.

Photos, "Daily Mirror"

Above, sorters are at work in an Army post office dealing with letters for the troops in France as well as for those at home. Most of them have had previous experience of Post Office work.

Wherever there are British soldiers, in France, in camps or hospitals at home, the arrival of the mail is a "high spot" of the day. In the photograph on the left eager hands are stretched out to a nurse who is making the rounds just after the postman has called.

Photos, Keystone and Planet News

We Scanned the Sea for Mines and U-Boats

In co-operation with the Navy, reconnaissance aircraft of the R.A.F. Coastal Command patrol the seas daily, watching for U-boats and floating mines and protecting convoys. One of these reconnaissance flights from an aerodrome in the East of Scotland is here described by an eye-witness.

It was still dark as we crossed from the mess to the aerodrome intelligence-room, where crews studied the secret files and orders relating to the flight.

Each member of every crew signed a form certifying that he was carrying nothing that would, if found, convey information to the enemy.

A basket of carrier-pigeons for use in emergency was handed into our machine, and we climbed in. Greatcoats were unnecessary, for a mechanical heater kept the temperature warm, but over our uniforms we wore the air-filled life-jackets known familiarly among pilots by the name of an American film-star of ample curves.

A few minutes later we were off the ground, crossing the misty coast of Scotland, and heading for the open sea.

Wedged in the nose of the aircraft, surrounded on all sides by toughened glass, the navigator lay flat taking bearings through the transparent floor. He rose, sat at a light table on which was spread a chart, consulted his instruments, and made a few calculations. Presently he handed the pilot a slip of paper on which was written: "Set course . . . degrees." The pilot adjusted the compass, turned the machine slightly and set it on its course.

In front of the pilot some 36 needles danced upon their dials as the engines roared their steady, deep cruising note. He glanced over his instrument board with approval, selected one of the 28 small handles and knobs around him, and moved it upwards. It clicked home like the gear-lever of a sports car.

"George has her now," he said, releasing the controls and relaxing ("George" is the automatic gyroscopic pilot which keeps a machine flying steadily on the course set).

In a few moments we saw a tiny, dark smudge on the sea ahead. It was a cargo vessel ploughing towards Britain.

"We will have a look at her," said the pilot, resuming personal control.

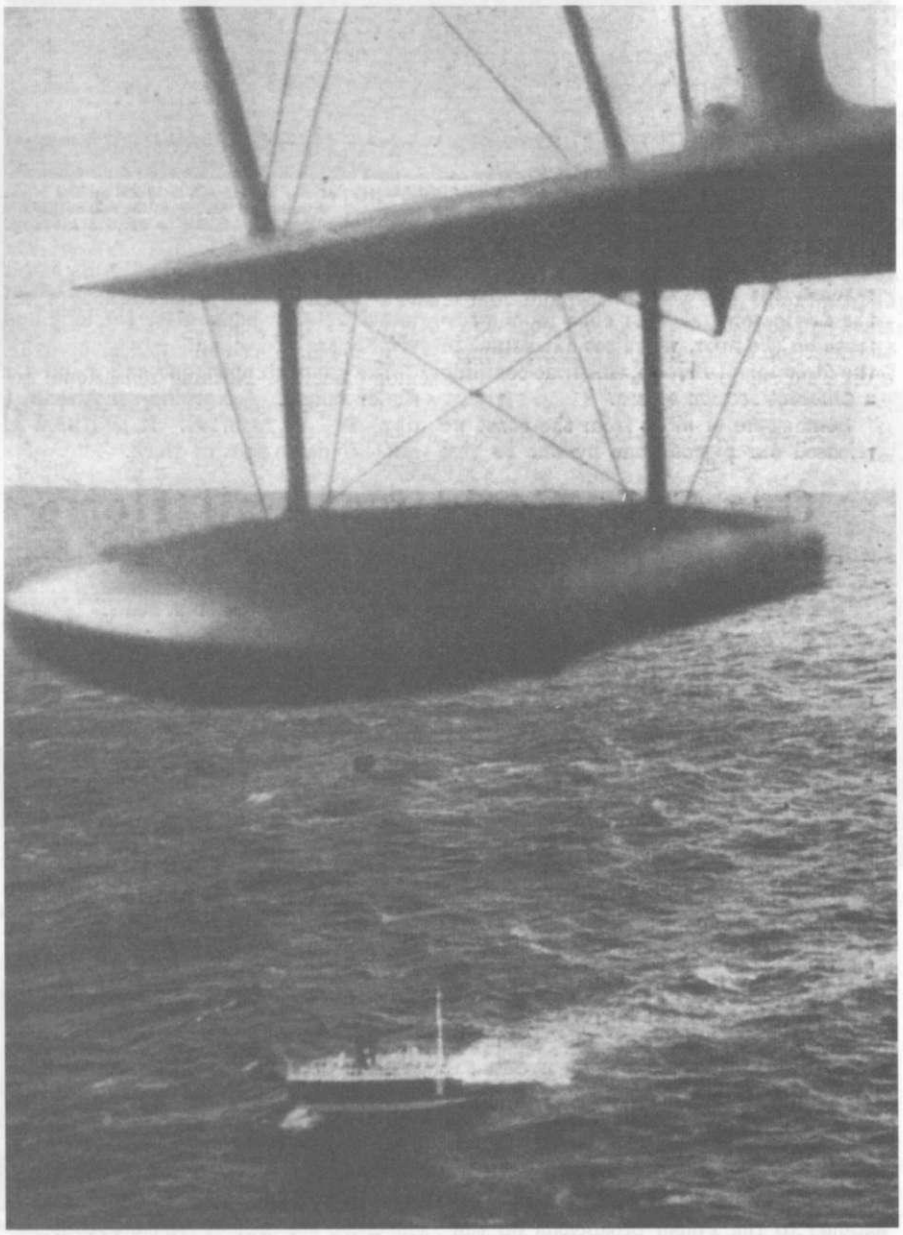
We swept down like an express lift to a few feet above the waves, and roared past the ship. She was a Swedish tramp, with sides that needed painting, but with well-scrubbed deck and superstructure.

A sailor was swabbing the deck in the morning sunshine, and two more members of the crew tumbled up from below as we flashed past. We had a glimpse of the skipper, pipe in mouth, as he strolled out of the wheel-house to wave us a cheery salute.

A moment later and we were hundreds of feet away, looking down on a toy ship seemingly stationary in a flat sea.

All the time we were scanning the sea for U-boats or mines. Often a white flurry in the water would resemble the feather of spray from a periscope, and an occasional piece of floating jetsam looked like a mine. We had bombs for the U-boats and machine-gun bullets for the mines. . . .

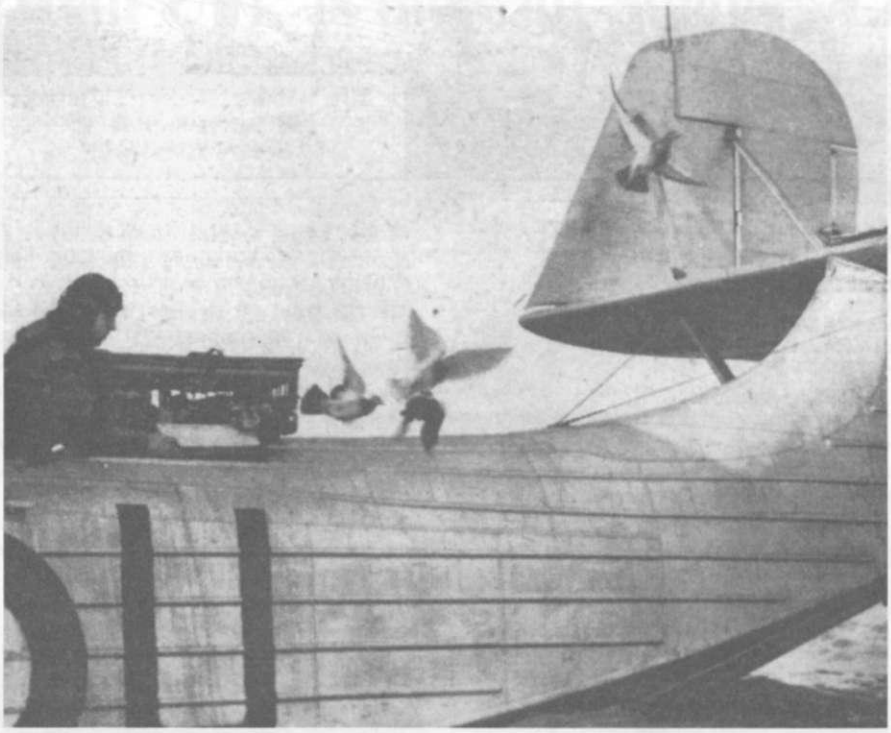
So the flight went on, with ships to inspect here and there, until we had



The Coastal Command of the R.A.F. has done valuable work not only in submarine spotting but in saving life. This photograph, taken from a coastal patrol flying boat, shows a torpedoed merchant ship in flames. The seaplane, though it cannot itself take off the crew, sends out SOS messages to destroyers and other ships in the vicinity to come to the rescue.

Photo, British Official, Crown Copyright

I WAS THERE!



Though the flying-boats of the R.A.F. carry radio—part of the aerial can be seen on the right—they also have on board a basket of carrier pigeons. Above, an observer is releasing his pigeons, as he would if the flying-boat was in difficulties and he wished to send a message for help without attracting attention.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

reached the limit of our patrol. After the navigator had been once more prostrate on the floor, we re-set our course in the direction of Britain, this time combing a different section of sea.

Some score of miles from the coast we released our pigeons one by one to give them exercise and training. Scotland was a welcome sight after the long hours of grey sea and cloud.

The pilot stepped out and saluted his senior officer. "Nothing sensational today, sir," he reported. It had been just another day's routine work.

Our Ship Could Not Sail Home

An 11,000-ton Polish liner, the "Chrobry," set out from Gdynia on her maiden voyage to South America before the Germans invaded Poland. After roaming the seas for more than three months, she reached an English port—a ship without a home.

WHEN the Polish ship "Chrobry" berthed at an English port in the middle of November, her crew—264 officers, men and women—were homeless. They had no country. They did not know what had happened to their wives, children, sweethearts, and relatives.

There were twenty women and fourteen boy apprentices, between sixteen and eighteen, from a Polish sea school, among the party.

There was a pretty, twenty-two-year-old woman doctor's assistant, three nurses, and a young girl who took charge of the shop in the ship. All but one of the rest were stewardesses. That one was a tall, handsome girl of twenty-two, Bronislawa Wernik, a college art school mistress.

Miss Wernik bought a £100 ticket for the round voyage of the ship to Buenos Aires, back to Poland. She sold a piece of land she owned to pay for the trip.

Every night until Warsaw fell they all listened to the Polish broadcasts on the ship's radio. Loudspeakers were fixed up so that all might hear.

That was their only contact with their country since they sailed one bright day at the end of July, with bands playing on the pier.

One of the girls, Jadwiga Mickiewicz, was to have taken her final examination for a doctor's degree.

She said: "I have made these trips to sea for the last three years to gain experience. If only I had stayed in Poland! My degree would probably have been granted to me by now."

Ignacy Kollupailo, one of the officers, said: "We sailed on July 29. Our ship was the newest and finest in Poland, and we carried 1,167 passengers.

"The trip was uneventful until we reached Buenos Aires on August 19. Then we knew by the radio that the war clouds were blowing up.

"When we left five days later, authorities warned us two unknown submarines had been sighted outside Uruguay waters.

"We were twelve hours out from Pernambuco when we heard over the radio that Germany had invaded Poland. There was great excitement when we arrived, for nine German ships were already hiding in the harbour.

"The British consul advised us to stay. From that moment we felt we were under British protection.

"The Brazilian authorities had to fix a frontier between our ship and the Germans. It seemed that a fight would break out at any moment.

"Then Warsaw fell. We placed more guards on our ship in case the six hundred German sailors who were there sabotaged us.

"The Brazilians heard of this and said, 'Don't worry, there won't be a German house left that isn't in flames if anything happens.'

"We stayed forty days there. We repainted the ship, the women lent a hand, and then one night we crept out of harbour, with all lights out.

"For three more weeks we wandered round the seas. At last we were directed into a British port by one of your warships."

Above are four of the Polish subjects, the strange and tragic end of whose pleasure cruise in the Polish ship "Chrobry" is told in this page, walking in a London park. Left to right are Mr. Ignacy Kollupailo, one of the ship's officers, Miss Jadwiga Mickiewicz, Nurse Helena Rutkowska and Miss Bronislawa Wernik.
Photo, Associated Press

I WAS THERE!

We Weathered A Gale in Open Boats

When the British steamer "Arlington Court" was torpedoed in the Atlantic, twenty-two of the crew were in an open boat for four days and seven others for six days before being picked up. Their stories, as printed below, were issued by the Press Association and "Daily Telegraph."

TWENTY-TWO survivors of the 5,000-ton "Arlington Court" were landed at an Irish port on November 21, after a terrible ordeal in an Atlantic gale. All showed the effects of their ordeal; their feet, legs and hands were terribly swollen. There were two stretcher cases.

Second-Officer Claude Boothby stated that, as he was talking to the radio operator on Thursday afternoon (November 16), and saying that it would be almost impossible for a submarine to attack them in such a heavy sea, there was a terrific explosion which sent pieces of the hatch into the air. Their radio was wrecked, preventing their sending out messages.

"After the first explosion," said Mr. Boothby, "Third Engineer McKissock ran below to the engine room and shut off steam to prevent the possibility of the revolving propeller striking us. Captain Hurst received injuries to his chest getting into the lifeboat.

"We had to roll away as the ship was drifting down upon us and throughout the night we rowed continually to keep the boat's head to the wind and prevent being swamped. Our provisions consisted of sea biscuits, a few tins of condensed milk and bully beef and fresh water. Our daily ration was two biscuits and two dippers of water—about a glassful—together."

Several vessels were sighted. Flares were lit, but the lifeboat, tossing about in the huge waves, was not seen. A chance of rescue seemed hopeless.

On Friday morning they hoisted sail and set a course for Land's End, more than 300 miles away. They had covered about 180 miles when picked up by the "Algenib."

Before the rescuing vessel reached them the exhausted survivors saw the chief engineer—H. Pearson, aged 60—die from exposure. He was unable to stand the change of the heat of the engine-room to the bitter cold of the open boat. Pearson was buried at sea.

SEVEN more members of the crew of the "Arlington Court," rescued exhausted after drifting in an open boat in the Atlantic for six days, were landed at a South Coast town on November 24. Four were taken to hospital suffering from frost-bite and exposure.

George Partridge, who was in charge of the boat from which the men were rescued, said that after the steamer was torpedoed and sunk they waited near the spot, thinking an S O S must have been sent out. After waiting 28 hours they hoisted sail and set off, hoping to strike a Channel port.

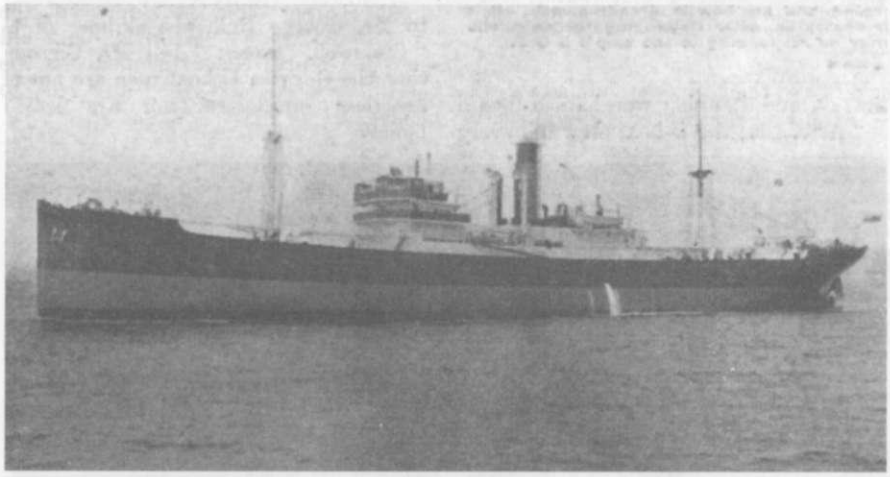
"There were only two barrels of water in the boat," he said. "One was ruined by sea-water, the other was only half full. I rationed the men to half a glass a day.

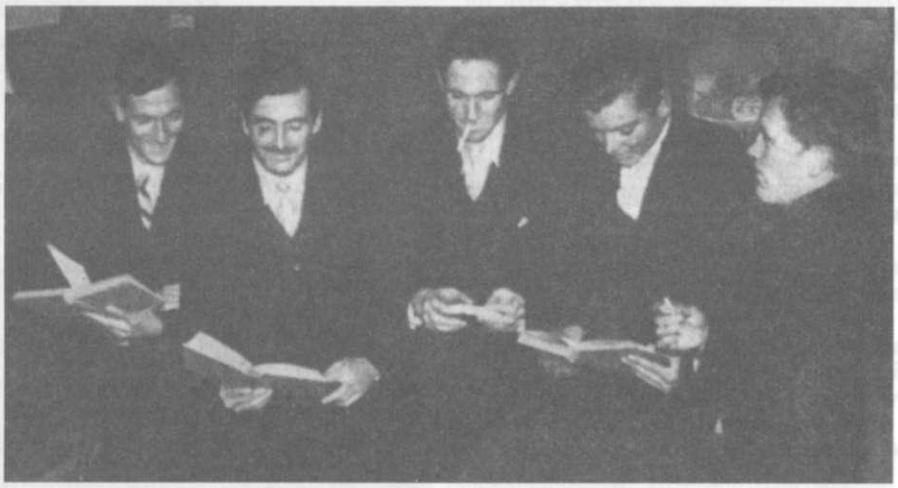
"Our only provisions were biscuits, which we had to break with an axe, and condensed milk. We had no rockets and no means of making a smoke screen.

"It was extremely cold at night, and some of us had only our underclothes. We had four blankets, but they were soon soaked. Waves broke over the boat, and two of the boys were bailing constantly.

"Our plight was becoming desperate, water was running low, and we could only touch it with our lips.

"On the fifth day we sighted a British ship which was standing by. I tried to light a flare of crude oil, but it was no use. Matches were running short. At seven on the morning of the sixth day we were picked up by the Norwegian motor-vessel "Spinanger."





In the top photograph is the "Arlington Court" belonging to the Court Lines, whose ship the "Kensington Court" was also torpedoed on September 18. Immediately above are five members of the "Arlington Court's" crew sitting round the fire in a seaman's mission hall after the terrible experience of being six days in an open boat, narrated in this page.

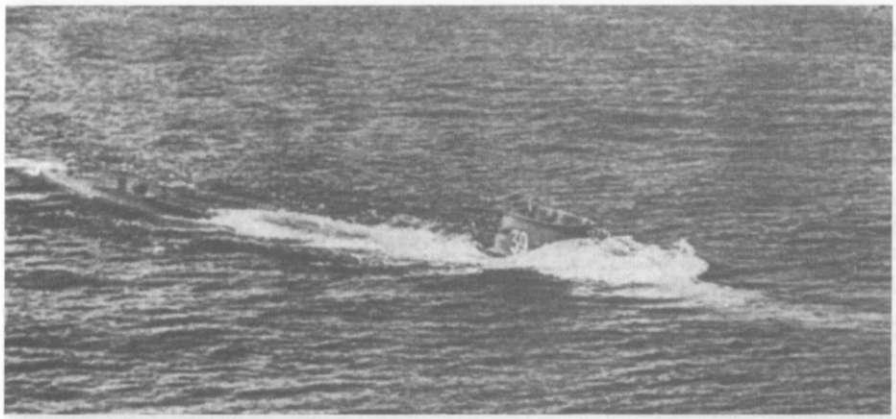
Photos, B.I.P. and courtesy of Court Lines

'U-Boat Men Not All Heartless Murderers'

Seven survivors of the trawler "Cresswell" landed at Fleetwood on November 14, and told how they were picked up by the German submarine. This story is reprinted from the Glasgow "Bulletin."

WHEN the "Cresswell" was shelled by a German submarine off the north of Scotland, the crew of thirteen escaped from the sinking trawler, ten on a raft, two clinging to the smashed lifeboat, and one with a lifebelt. The two on the lifeboat and the man with the lifebelt were drowned, and, despite the efforts of their comrades to keep them above water, three of the men on the raft became exhausted by the buffeting of the waves and let go their hold. On arriving at Fleetwood the survivors told the following dramatic story of their adventures.

I WAS THERE!



Here a German submarine, U39, is seen submerging, and her bow is already awash. It is thus that many crews have seen the last of their enemy as, after destroying the ship, she disappears for fear that Allied destroyers may be responding to the ship's S O S.

Photo, Kosmos

The 17-year-old deck boy, Frederick Lee, youngest member of the crew, said: "There was no warning before the submarine began shelling the trawler. We did not know a submarine was near until shells began whizzing all round us. We had not time to launch the boat, but, in any case, it would have made no difference because it was smashed by gunfire.

"The submarine sent at least 20 shots at the trawler."

Another member of the crew stated that it was just getting daylight when they heard the gunfire. There was only the watch on, and it was every man for himself.

William Faussett, the mate, said he saw Boatswain Andrews jump overboard with a lifebelt.

"Ten of us threw the raft into the water and clung to it. We were all crushed together, the water was icy cold, and rain pelted down on us unmercifully.

"After the firing the submarine disappeared, and we thought she had left us for good.

"The raft was tossed about, and it needed a great effort to hold on. At times it submerged, and this made our plight worse."

Faussett then went on to tell how Gateley was the first to go under.

"The men did their best in turns to help me to keep his head above the surface. Our legs were numbed with cold and our arms ached, and it was from sheer exhaustion that we had to let go. He disappeared below. He was all in."

The next, he said, was Lazenby. He had withstood a terrible buffeting. After that they never saw Laerte again. In the distance they could see Killey and Kirby clinging to an upturned boat.

"I never saw them go down, but at the end of an hour we could not find them," he added.

They had been in the water for nearly two and a half hours when the U-boat reappeared. She hailed the men clinging to the raft, and then they were hauled aboard.

"After that the U-boat crew did everything to make us comfortable. They gave us clothing, hot food, brandy, and other drinks," said the mate.

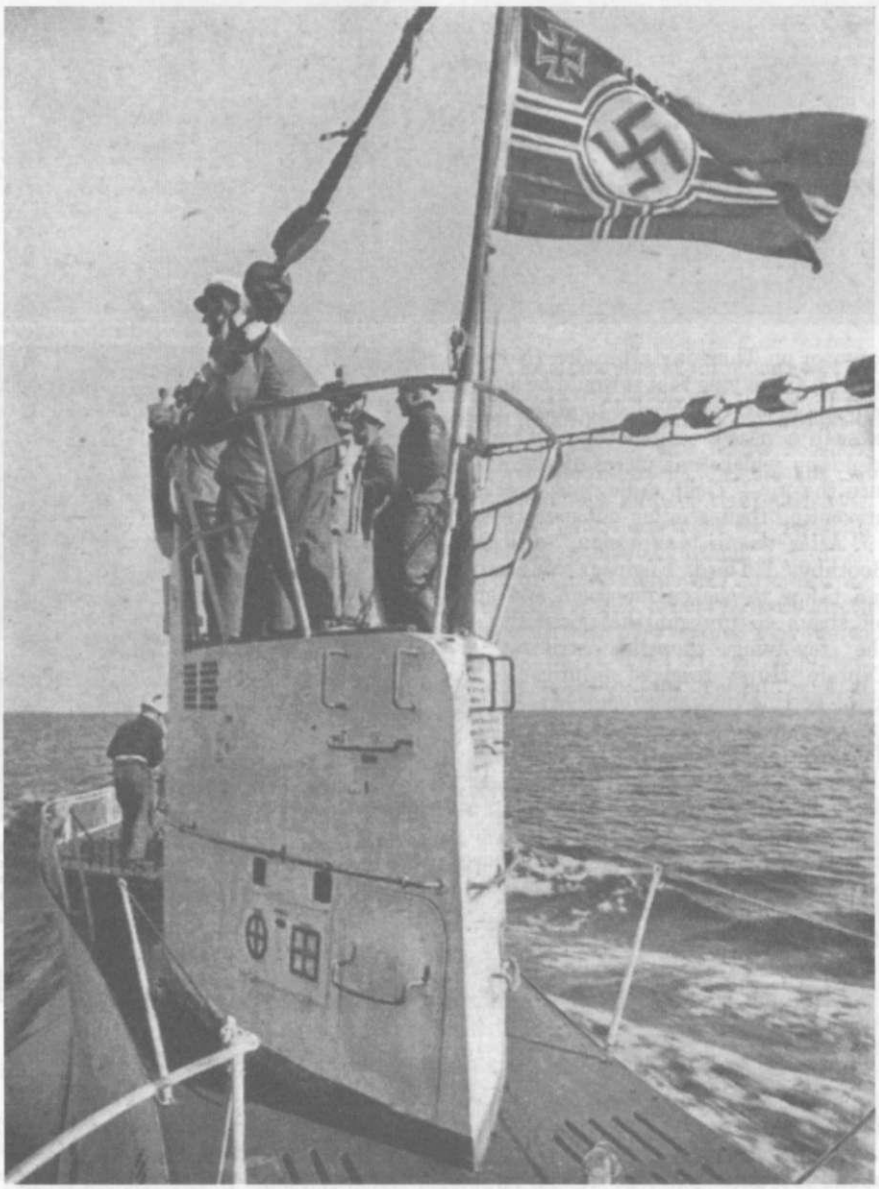
They then learned that the submarine had left them to find a neutral ship which could take them aboard.

Faussett said they were in the submarine for more than six hours cruising about until they sighted the Fleetwood trawler "Phyllisia."

While on the submarine they saw the "Cresswell" sink after being shelled again by the submarine.

They were put aboard the "Phyllisia" and taken home.

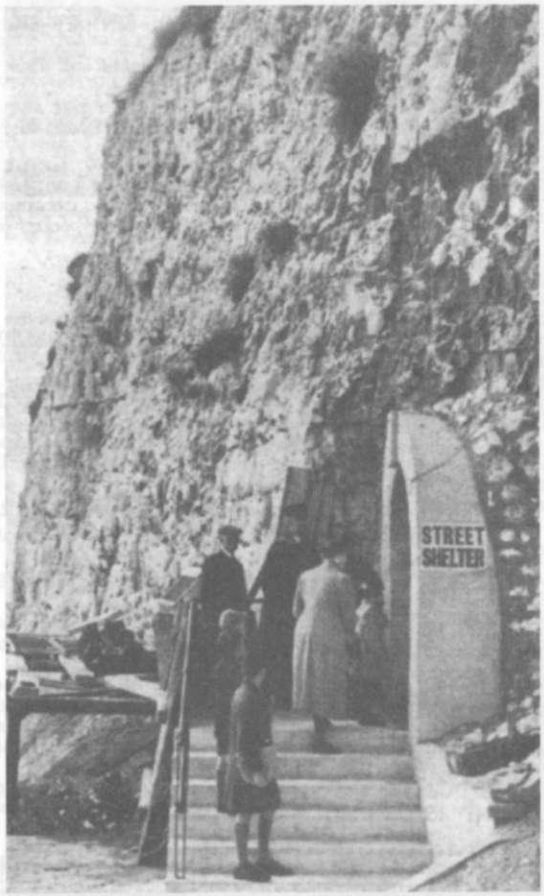
The U-boat commander's parting words to Mr. George Bull, the skipper of the "Cresswell," were: "Tell Mr. Churchill that the German U-boat men are not the heartless murderers you are led to believe."



Some of the officers and crew of U36 are seen on the conning tower when the submarine is at rest on the surface. She is flying the Nazi war flag. U39 (seen at the top of the page) is one of the newest and largest class of German submarines, being of 750 tons. The U36 is an older vessel of 500 tons, completed in 1936.

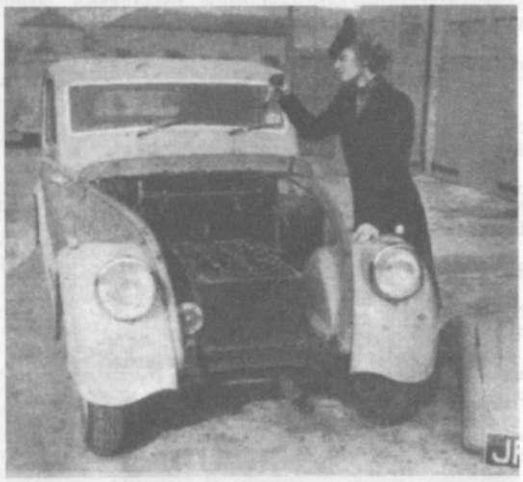
Photo, Pictorial Press

Mr. Briton'll See It Through



The white walls of England have been put to a new use at Ramsgate, which suffered severely from air raids during the last war, for a large shelter has been dug in the cliffs 90 feet below the ground. Here is its entrance.

A detachment of steel-helmeted soldiers in the West End of London take a surprised glance at a horse-drawn vehicle that has now come into its own again. Such four-wheeler cabs almost disappeared when taxi-cabs came into use.



One of the devices for overcoming the rationing of petrol is the substitution for short journeys of an electric motor for the internal-combustion engine.

The basis of most of portable camouflage is string netting, and above girls in a North Shields factory usually employed in making fishing nets are busy on this most useful adjunct to the safety of the Army. One of the uses to which similar netting is put in France can be seen in the photograph in page 259. Right, a fishmonger at Bicester combines the win-the-war spirit with the sale of herrings.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

Friday, November 24, 1939

Over 200 drifting mines washed up on Yorkshire coast.

Enemy aircraft made two raids over **Shetlands.** No bombs were dropped.

Admiralty announced that the cruiser "Belfast" was damaged on November 21 by torpedo or mine in Firth of Forth.

British steamer "Mangalore" sunk by mine off East Coast.

Five survivors of Dutch tanker "Sliedrecht," sunk by U-boat in Atlantic, picked up after 7½ days in open boat.

Paris announced that a small French submarine chaser had sunk a U-boat.

Belgian Government addressed a Note to Britain on subject of British reprisals against mine-laying.

Stated that two British subjects, Mr. Best and Major Stevens, kidnapped at Dutch frontier on November 21 by Gestapo for alleged complicity in Munich bomb explosion, are believed to have been authorized by British Government to inquire into genuineness of certain German peace proposals.

German liner "Watussi," thought to be a supply ship for the raider in East African waters, left Mozambique on Thursday night.

First R.A.F. man to be decorated by France for gallantry in this war died in hospital: Sergeant-Observer J. Vickers, awarded the Médaille Militaire.

Saturday, November 25

Italy, Japan, Denmark and Sweden made representations to British Foreign Office with regard to policy of reprisals.

Two bombing attacks by German aircraft made **on H.M. ships in North Sea.** No hits were obtained and there were no British casualties.

Enemy aircraft seen over Orkneys and Shetlands.

R.A.F. carried out successful flights over North-West Germany, including Wilhelmshaven and Heligoland.

British refrigerator ship "Sussex," damaged by mine in English Channel, reached port.

German liner "Adolph Woermann" scuttled by crew in South Atlantic in order to avoid capture.

Swedish tanker "Gustaf E. Reuter" struck a mine off Scottish coast and was badly damaged.

Nazi mine-layer sank after striking a mine near Danish island of Langeland.

New Rumanian Cabinet, with smaller pro-German element, formed by M. Tatarescu.

Sunday, November 26

Reported that Germans have laid mines within Swedish four-mile zone at southern entrance of the Sound, leaving a channel only 16 feet deep.

Admiralty announced that **British armed merchant cruiser "Rawalpindi"** had been **sunk.**

Polish liner "Pilsudski," under charter to British Navy, **sunk by U-boat.**

Reported that British steamer "Hookwood" was sunk by mine on Thursday.

Paris reported patrol activities during night in region of the Vosges.

Prime Minister broadcast an address on Britain's war and peace aims.

Soviet Government alleged that Finnish artillery fired on Red Army troops on Soviet-Finnish frontier, and demanded that troops should be withdrawn from frontier district on the Karelian Isthmus.

Danish steamer "Cyril," carrying coal from Britain to Stockholm, seized by Germans. This was thought to be the first capture by Nazis of a neutral ship sailing from Britain to a neutral port

Monday, November 27

Admiralty announced that the sinking of the "Rawalpindi" on November 23 off coast of Iceland was due to overwhelming attack by the "Deutschland" and another enemy warship.

Two enemy merchantmen, "Borkum" and "Konsul Hendrik Fisser," **captured.** The latter was brought into port; the former was sighted and shelled by a U-boat, killing four Germans but none of the prize crew. The ship was abandoned.

Dutch liner "Spaarndam" mined off Thames Estuary.

Paris reported local infantry and artillery engagement east of the Moselle.

Finnish Government issued denial that shots had been fired from Finnish side of frontier, but suggested to Soviet mutual withdrawal of troops.

Reprisal Order-in-Council signed by the King.

Overwhelming response to Admiralty's appeal for drifters to assist in mine-sweeping.

Two corporations formed in United States to enable Americans to contribute towards war relief in Great Britain and France.

Tuesday, November 28

Announced that British and French reprisals on German export trade come into force on December 4.

R.A.F. fighter patrol **attacked five seaplanes** lying at mine-laying seaplane base at Borkum, one of the Friesian Islands. Attack was made at a low altitude with machine-guns. All British aircraft returned safely.

Air Ministry announced that R.A.F. machines carried out a successful flight over North-West Germany during Monday night.

Soviet Government denounced their **Treaty of Non-Aggression with Finland,** and alleged two more "incidents" on the Karelian Isthmus, Soviet-Finnish frontier.

Quiet day reported on the Western Front.

British steamer "Rubislaw" sunk by a mine off South-East Coast.

British steamer "Uskmouth" sunk by U-boat in Bay of Biscay.

Paris announced that two German freighters, "Trifels" and "Santa Fé," had been captured by French warships.

Eleven survivors of the "Rawalpindi" landed from merchant cruiser "Chitral."

The King opened a new Session of Parliament.

Three R.A.F. pilots were awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Cargo of "City of Flint" has been bought by Norway.

Wednesday, Nov. 29

Unidentified aeroplane seen over the Shetlands.

Enemy bomber shot down by a British fighter in an air duel off the Northumbrian coast.

Two British patrol aircraft shot down Dornier seaplane over North Sea.

Russia severed diplomatic relations with Finland before receiving the Finnish reply to the Soviet Note of Tuesday.

Mr. Cordell Hull, U.S. Secretary of State, announced his Government's willingness to intervene in the dispute between Russia and Finland.

Paris reported two successful reconnaissances by French troops into territory held by the Germans in the Vosges.

British steamer "Ionian" sunk off East Coast.

Government of Eire decided to put into commission some motor torpedo boats and armed trawlers.

During week ending November 25, British Contraband Control intercepted and detained 21,500 tons of contraband goods suspected of being destined for Germany.

Thursday, November 30

Two R.A.F. fighters encountered an enemy aircraft north of Firth of Forth and chased it out to sea.

Soviet Union attacked Finland by land, sea, and air. Helsinki, Viborg, Petsamo and other towns were bombed. Soviet warships shelled Finnish coast and strategic islands were seized.

Finnish Government resigned at midnight.

Paris reported that a French torpedo boat had sunk an enemy submarine.

British steamer "Sheaf Crest" mined off South-East Coast.

Six survivors of a Greek steamer sunk west of Ireland were picked up after four days in their lifeboat.

Reported that two British destroyers, one towing a damaged submarine, had anchored off Mastrafjord, near Stavanger. The destroyers left later, and the submarine was taken to a shipyard for repair.

Admiralty announced the names of 39 officers and 226 ratings missing as result of loss of H.M.S. "Rawalpindi."

THE POETS & THE WAR

—X—

SHADOWS ON THE LAKE

By George Shelley

For long the lake had lain within those bounds,
Unruffled and serene with quiet grace,
Unmoved, whatever challenged her command
Or sought by means of force to shake her place.
There men had come, their hearts aflame with hope,
With wills that seemed to brook no alien mind,
To work, and work the ways of certain peace
That would the path to certain glory find.

"No war," they said. "The nations shall not fight
And tear each other piecemeal yet again,
No war, and ours the watch, that they who died
Shall not cry out that they had died in vain."
No war, the echoes rang with hollow sound—
No war, but while those haunts were strangely still
Across the peaceful beauty of the lake
Moved once again that darkening cloud of ill.

With sullen force the storm from slumber rose
Destroying all within its awful reach,
And breaking will with vain insensate rage
Till hate and passion found the widening breach
What means Geneva now, her life and peace?
For death usurps her place and by his side
Is war, red war, and men who seek to slay
The hopes for which far nobler men have died

Is there no power to break this chain of crime
Will not the golden dawn of peace awake
When gentle reason takes the place of hate
And shadows cloud no more Geneva's lake?

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